

D I A L O G U E S

CONCERNING

The ATTRIBUTES of GOD

AND

P R O V I D E N C E.

DIALOGUE II.

Containing Answers to the most important Objections against the Wisdom and Goodness of God from the Appearances of natural and moral Evil.

By HENRY MORE, D. D.

VOLUME II.

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T H E
SECOND DIALOGUE,
CONCERNING
The PROVIDENCE of GOD.

PHILOTHEUS, BATHYNOUS, SOPHRON, PHILOPOLIS, EUISTOR, HYLOBARES, CUPHOPHRON.

- I. The introduction, containing Philopolis his thanks for the last day's discourse; with a touch by the by of inspiration, and of the difficulty of the present subject.

Philop. **Y**esterday's performance, O Philotheus, has endeared to me the memory of that day, of this place, (this sacred harbour wherein we are again so happily met) and of your excellent self and the rest of this worthy company, for ever. I never reap'd so much pleasure in so few hours in all my life. In which notwithstanding the chiefest satisfaction was, that my dear friend Hylobares was so fully satisfied touching those most intricate theories concerning the *Nature of God and his Attributes*. It remains now, Philotheus, that with the like happy success you clear
O his

his mind of those manifold scrupulosities and difficulties it seems laden with touching the *Providence of God*.

Philoth. Your extraordinary kind resentment, O Philopolis, of my former endeavours is no small obligation upon me to do the best I can in this present task. But I cannot omit to take notice, that your overproportionate propensions towards myself makes you seem not so just to others, who bore their part in whatever contributed either to your own delight, or Hylobares his satisfaction. Nor can I alone sustain this day's Province, but must implore the help of others, especially in so copious and various a subject.

Cuph. Yes, Philotheus, that is supposed. Euistor, Bathynous and the rest will assist; nor shall I fail to put in for one, when occasion requires, and I find my mind moved thereunto.

Euist. Cuphophron expresses himself in such phrase, as if it were hopeful that he will speak by inspiration.

Hyl. He seems to me, Euistor, so to do sometimes: of which some passages of yesterday's discourse are fresh instances. For he was several times so highly rapt and divinely inspired, that I profess I think no human understanding could reach his meaning.

Sophr.

Sophr. *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.* So I think close and cautious reason in a calm and pure spirit is the best inspiration now-adays in matters of contemplation, as well as prudence in the common practices of life.

Cuph. I am as much for illuminated reason, O Sophron, as any man living can be.

Hyl. So am I, Cuphophon; provided the illumination be not so bright and fulgent as to obscure or extinguish all perceptibility of the reason.

Sophr. I always thought right reason itself to be the illumination or light of the mind, and that all other light is rather that of the eye than of the understanding.

Hyl. Let Cuphophon look to that, O Sophron, and defend his own magnificent style.

Philop. But be you pleased in the meantime, O Hylobares, according to the purpose of our present meeting, to propound your difficulties to Philotheus touching *Divine Providence*, and to the rest of this judicious company.

Sophr. How becomingly does Philopolis exercise his office, and seasonably commit the opponent with the respondent, like a long practised moderatour? I wish Philotheus no worse success than he had

yesterday. But I cannot ominate so well touching this congress. I fear such a storm will be raised as all the wits in Europe will not be able to allay. So intricate, so anfractuons, so unsearchable are the ways of *Providence*.

Cuph. I wonder whence Sophron took this ill omen, Hylobares.

Hyl. I suppose from our two sporting together, which he look'd upon as the playing of two sea-calves before a storm.

Sophr. I wish, Hylobares, you prove calf enough to bring no objections but what Philotheus or some of us may sufficiently answer.

Philop. I earnestly wish Philotheus assistance enough and ability from above, that he may with satisfaction answer the greatest difficulties that either Hylobares or any one else can produce touching *Divine Providence*.

Sophr. That indeed is the more desirable of the two, and my heart and vote goes along with yours, O Philopolis.

Philop. Begin then, if you please, O Hylobares.

Hyl. I have in my mind, such a crowd and cloud of difficulties, that I know not where to begin, or when I shall make an end.

Sophr.

Sophr. Did not I tell you so, Philopolis?

II. The two main heads of objections against Providence, with certain laws to be observed in disputing thereof.

Hyl. But I believe they are mainly reducible to these three heads, or rather, if you will, to these two more general ones, *The evils that are in the world*, and *The defect of good*. For when you have fenced as well as you can, Philotheus, and pretty well satisfy'd us that all things here upon earth are at least well enough, and that there is no such evil discoverable as implies the first principle of all things not to be the *Sovereign Goodness*; there is yet this difficulty behind, How it can consist with the goodness of God, that this good scene of things should begin no sooner or spread no farther, that is to say, that there should be no more earths than one, or that this one or all should have been but six thousand years ago or there about.

Sophr. This very last difficulty, Philopolis, is able to confound any mortal living.

Philoth. Dear Sophron, be not so dismay'd; I dare pass my word that nothing that is holy or sacred shall suffer any detriment by this conflict, when I have declared the laws of the combate, and what weapons we must be confined to, namely
to

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to mere *reason* and philosophy. In which field I must notwithstanding confess that I suspect Hylobares will prove a stout champion. But 'tis much if we be not all able to deal with him. And forasmuch as it is so plainly evident from a world of *phenomena*, that there is a Principle that acts out of wisdom and counsel, as was abundantly evidenced by yesterday's discourse, and as roundly acknowledged; it shall be severely expected and exacted of *Hylobares*, That he do not oppose false or uncertain hypotheses, or popular mistakes and surmizes, or vagrant and fictitious stories, against certain truth, such as is discoverable every day before our eyes.

Philop. That is very equitable and reasonable.

Philoth. And if he cannot keep his philosophical fingers from meddling with the holy writ, that he do not handle it so ineptly, as to draw expressions accomodated to the capacity of the vulgar into a philosophical argument, or to infer a negation from the preterition of such or such a subject.

Euist. It is incredible that *Hylobares*, professing himself a philosopher, should betake himself to such nugacities, as are exploded even by the theologers themselves,
who

who notwithstanding spend their main study on the holy Scriptures.

Hyl. These laws, O Philotheus, I accept as just and right.

III. Evils in general how consistent with the goodness of God.

Philoth. And if they be kept to, Hylobares, as stout a *Retiarius* as you are, you shall never be able to catch me in your net, or entangle me in any of your intricacies touching *Divine Providence*. For as for that which you have proposed in general touching the *evils in the world*, whether they be those that seem more tragical, or else lesser miscarriages in the manners of men, or the accidents of fortune, if such things were not, where were the objects of sighs and tears, of smiles and laughter? So that what you bring as an argument against *Providence*, is in my apprehension a very palpable argument for it. For it is plain that that power that made the world foresaw the evils in it, in that he has so exquisitely fitted us with passions correspondent thereto.

Hyl. This is ingeniously inferr'd, O Philotheus, so far as it will reach, namely, to prove there is a Providence or Fore-sight of God: but you seem to forget the main question in hand, which is, *Whether the measure*

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measure of his Providence be his Goodness, and that nothing is transacted against that Attribute. But your concession seems to imply that he knowingly and wittingly brought evil into the world; which seems therefore the more grossly repugnant to his *Goodness*.

Sophr. Methinks, Gentlemen, you are both already agreed in a point of so great concernment, namely, That there is a Divine Providence, that if there were any modesty in mortal men they might be content with that bare discovery, without so strictly examining or searching into the laws or measures thereof, but apply themselves to the law of life which God has written in their hearts, or expressed in the holy Writ, that it may go well with them in the conclusion.

Philop. That is very piously and judiciously noted, O Sophron.

Bath. So it is indeed, O *Philopolis*: But yet I humbly conceive that it is not always an itch of searching into, but sometimes a necessity of more punctually knowing the truth of the mysteries of God, that drives some mens spirits into a more close and anxious meditation of so profound matters. As it may well do here in this present point touching the *Measure*
of

of God's Providence, namely, Whether the Rule thereof be his *pure Goodness*, or his *mere Will and Sovereignty*. For if it be his *Goodness*, all free agents have all the reason in the world to apply themselves to that law of life which Sophron mentions, because *their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord*, as the apostle speaks. But if the measure of his Providence be his *mere Power, Will or Sovereignty*, no man living can tell what to expect in the conclusion. All true believers may be turned into hell, and the wicked only and the blasphemers ascend into the regions of bliss. For what can give any stop to this but God's *Justice*, which is a branch or mode of his *Goodness*?

Philop. Methinks, Bathynous, that you both have reason, both *Sophron* and yourself; nor do I desire *Philothous* to desist from the present subject, tho' I much long, I confess, to hear him discourse of the affairs of the *Kingdom of God*.

Philoth. That shall be done in due time,
Philopolis. In the mean while I dare avow to *Hylobares*, that there are no evils in the world that God foresaw (and he foresaw all that were to be) which will not consist with this principle, *That God's Goodness is the Measure of his Providence.*

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For the nature of things is such, that some particulars or individuals must of necessity suffer for the greater good of the whole; besides the manifold *impossibilities* and *lubricities* of *matter*, that cannot have the same conveniences and fitnesses in any shape or modification, nor would be fit for any thing, if its shapes and modifications were not in a manner infinitely varied.

Hyl. I partly understand you, Philotheus; I pray you, go on.

Philoth. Wherefore I infer, That still the measure of God's Providence is his goodness: forasmuch as those *impossibilities* in *matter* are unavoidable; and whatever designed or permitted evil there seems in Providence, it is for a far greater good, and therefore is not properly in the summary compute of the whole affairs of the universe to be reputed evil, the loss in particulars being so vast a gain to the whole. It is therefore our ignorance, O *Hylobares*, of the true law of goodness (who are so much immersed into the life of *selfishness*, which is that low life of plants and animals) that makes us such incompetent judges of what is or is not carried on according to the law of that *love* or *goodness* which is truly divine: whose tenderness and benignity was so great as to
provide

provide us of sighs and tears, to meet those particular evils with which she foresaw would necessarily emerge in the world; and whose gayety and festivity is also so conspicuous in endowing us with that passion or property of laughter, to entertain those lighter miscarriages with, whether in manners or fortune: as if Providence look'd upon her bringing man into the world as a spectator of a tragick-comedy. And yet in this which seems so ludicrous, see, *Hylobares*, what a serious design of good there is. For *compassion*, the mother of tears, is not always a mere idle spectator, but an helper oftentimes of those particular evils that happen in the world; and the tears again of them that suffer, oftentimes the mother of compassion in the spectators, and extort their help. And the news of but one ridiculous miscarriage fills the mouths of a thousand men with mirth and laughter; and their being so liable universally to be laugh't at makes every man more careful in his manners, and more cautious in his affairs, especially where his path is more slippery.

Hyl. I perceive by these beginnings, that you are likely to prove a marvellous *Mystra* of Divine Providence, O Philotheus.

Soph. I wish with all my heart, Philopolis, that Pilotheus may come off so cleverly in the particular difficulties that will be proposed, as he has done in this general one. For there are infinite unexpected puzzles that 'tis likely a busy searching wit, such as *Hylobares*, may unluckily hit upon.

The arguments of *Lucretius* against Providence.

Euiſt. What, do you think any harder or greater, O Sophron, than are comprised in those elegant, tho' impious, verses of *Lucretius*?

Sophr. What verses do you mean, Euiſtor?

Euiſt. Those in his fifth book *de rerum natura*, where he proposes this conclusion to himself to be proved, viz.

Nequaquam nobis divinitus esse paratam Naturam rerum———

Sophr. And by what arguments, I beseech you, does he pretend to infer so impious a conclusion?

Euiſt. The argument in general is the culpability of nature,

—— *Tantâ stat prædita culpâ.*

and that therefore it cannot be the work of God: and I think he brings in at least half a score instances of this faultiness, as he fancies it.

Sophr. *Lucretius* is esteemed so great a
wit,

wit, that it were worth the while, Euistor, if you thought fitting, to give yourself the trouble of recounting those instances.

Philop. A very good motion, and such, O Sophron, as whereby you may easily guess whether Philotheus has undertaken so desperate a province as you imagine. For 'tis likely that so great and elegant a wit as Lucretius would, out of those many, pick the most choice and most confounding puzzles (as you call them) that the Epicurean Cause could afford him. And therefore if these should not prove such invincible arguments against the *Goodness of Providence*, it may be the better hoped that there are none absolutely such.

Sophr. You say well, Philopolis, and that makes me the more desirous to hear them.

Euist. And that you shall, Sophron, upon the condition you will answer them.

Sophr. Either I or Philotheus or some of us will do our best.

Euist. I will not repeat the verses themselves, for I should do that but brokenly; but I believe there are very few of the particular instances in them but I remember firmly enough. As first, That so much of the earth is taken away from us by the barrenness of mountains and rocks, by the

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inaccessibleness of large woods inhabited by wild beasts, by the overspreading of the seas, and by huge vast marishes: besides that the torrid and frigid zones are uninhabitable, the one by reason of the excess of heat, the other by reason of the extremity of cold: That that part of the earth that is inhabited by men is of so perverse a nature, that if it were not for man's industry and hard labour, it would be all overrun with thorns and brambles: that when with much toil he has made the ground fruitful, and all things look green and flourishing, often all this hope is quash'd by either excess of heat and drought, or violence of rain and storms, or keenness of frosts. To which he adds the infestation of wild beasts, that are so terrible and hurtful to mankind both by land and by sea; the morbidness of the seasons of the year; and the frequentness of untimely death; and, lastly, the deplorableness of our infancy and first circumstances of entering into life; which he sets off so pathetically, that I cannot but remember those verses whether I will or no.

Soph. I dare say they are very good ones then, if *you* like them so, *Euphor*: I pray you let us hear them, if it be no trouble to you to repeat them.

Euph.

Euist. No, it is not, *Sophron.* The verses are these:

*Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
Nævita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitæ auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit,
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Quoi tantum in vita restat transire malorum.*

Cuph. They are a very empaffionating strain of poetry, *Hylobares*; me-thinks I could have fallen a-weeping while *Euistor* repeated them. I remember them very well. But is there not something in the following verses about *childrens rattles*? for these are not all.

Hyl. Let me intreat you of all friendship, *Euistor*, to repeat to *Cuphophron* the *rattle verses*, to keep him from crying.

Euist. They are these that *Cuphophron* means, and immediately follow the former:

*At variæ crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,
Nec crepitacula eis opus sunt, nec quouquam adhibenda est
Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela,
Nec varias quærunt vestes pro tempore cæli.*

What think you of these instances, O *Sophron*?

Sophr. I must ingenuously confess that if *Lucretius* have no better arguments against Providence than these, nor *Hylobares* than *Lucretius*, their force will not seem so formidable to me as I suspected; but I must on the contrary suspect, that they are ordi-
nari

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narily very small motives that precipitate those into *atheism* and *epicurism*, that have of themselves an inward propension thereunto.

Philoth. Are these the same arguments, Hylobares, that you intended to invade me withal?

V. Providence argued against from the promiscuous falling of the rain, and indiscriminating discharges of thunder-claps.

Hyl. These are only of one sort of them referrible to the classis of *natural evils* and but few of those neither. But to speak the truth, Philotheus, I had not so dinumerately and articulately mustered up or shaped out the particular arguments I would urge you with, tho' I felt my mind charged with multifarious thoughts; and that pressed the forwardest, that had left the latest impressi-
on on my mind on the road as we rid hither to this city, upon our being overtaken with so great a storm of thunder, hail, and a mighty dafh of rain, that we were well-nigh wet to the skin. For I began to think with myself how consistent those kind of accidents could be with so good and exact a Providence as men imagine. For the highways yield no crop; nor do we ourselves grow by being liquored without-side, but within: besides the wetting of all our clothes,
and

and the indangering the catching of an ague or a fever. Wherefore if Providence were so exact, the rain would be always directed to such places as are benefited thereby, not to such as it does no good to, but trouble and mischief to those that are found there.

Philoth. Your meaning is then, Hylobares, that it is a flaw in Providence that the rain is not restrained from falling on the high-ways. But in the mean time you do not consider how intolerably dusty they would be, especially in summer, and how constant a mischief that would prove and troublesome both to horse and man.

Hyl. Ay but it rains as much on the high-ways in winter-time as summer-time, be they never so deep in wet and mire already: which methinks is not consistent with so accurate a Providence as you contend for.

Philoth. And this, Hylobares, I warrant, you take to be an impregnable argument, a stout instance indeed, in that you place it thus in the front of the battle. But if it be sounded to the bottom, it will be found to stand upon a ground no less ridiculous than that comical conceit in Aristophanes, of Jupiter's pissing through a sieve as often as it rains: or what is a more cleanly and unexceptionable

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ceptionable expression, that the descending of rain is like the watering of a garden with a watering-pot by some free agents; where they do not water the walks of the garden, but only the beds or knots where in the flowers grow. Which is the most idiotick and unphilosophical conceit, Hylobares, that could ever fall into the mind of any man of your parts. For the committing of all the motions of the natural *phenomena*, as they are called, to any free agents, were the utter abolishing of all natural philosophy, and indeed of nature itself; and there would be no object left of speculation in these things, but either metaphysical or moral. And by the same reason that you require that the rain should only fall upon such plats of the earth as are destin'd for grass, for corn, for trees, and the like, you must require also that the sun should not shine on the high-ways for fear of infesting us with dust, and that it should divert its beams from the faces of tender beauties; that the shadow of the earth should withdraw to those that travel in the night; that fire should not burn either an useful building or an innocent man; that the air should not transmit the voice of him that would tell a lie, nor the rope hang together that would strangle the guiltless,
nor

nor the sword of the violent, be it never so sharp, be able to enter the flesh of the just. These and many millions more of such sequels would follow in analogy to this rash demand.

Hyl. I must confess, Philotheus, that what you urge makes so great an impress upon me, that it has almost dash'd me out of conceit with this first instance, which I thought not so contemptible. But tho' with but a broken confidence, yet I must persist, and demand, if Providence would not be more exact, if all things were carried thus as my instance implies they should be, than it is now as they are.

Philoth. No, by no means, Hylobares. For the scene of the world then would be such a languid flat thing, that it would disgrace the great *Dramatist* that contrived it. For there would be no compass or circuit of any plot or intrigue, but every thing so shallow or sudden, so simple and obvious, that no man's wit or virtue would find any game to exercise themselves in. And assure yourself, it is one fundamental point of the Divine Counsel, and that laid deep in his Wisdom and Goodness, *that at least on this terrestrial stage there should be sufficient difficulty and hardship for all sensible and intellectual creatures to grapple*
and

and contest with, that an ignoble and corruptive torpour may not seize their bodies and spirits, and make their life languid and their faculties useleſs, and find nothing to do in the world but to eat and drink and ſleep. For there are very few men given to *contemplation*, and yet fewer ſucceſſful in it. That therefore that I contend for is this, That in theſe general, but conſtant and peremptory, ſtrokes of nature there is an exact Providence of God; and that which you account a defect is indeed a perfection and a ſurer pledge of a Divine Foreſight, that does thus manifeſtly in the compute of things deſalcate either uſeleſs or hurtful ſuperfluities; as this guidance of the *rain* from the high-ways in winter. For has he not given man wit and art to make a ſupply by good wax'd boots, oil'd coats and hoods, and eyes in his head to chuſe his way, if one be better than another; or if all be intolerable, political wit to make laws and orders for the mending of the high-ways? For thus are men honeſtly employed for their own and the common good. And judge you what a ridiculous thing it were, that the ſun ſhould ſo miraculoſly turn off his beams from every fair face, whenas the ſame end is ſo eaſily ſerved by the invention of masks; or that the

continued

continued shadow of the earth should be broken by sudden miraculous eruptions or disclussions of light, to prevent the art and officiousness of the lantern-maker and the link-boy; or lastly, that the air should not resound a lie, nor the point of a sword pierce the skin of the innocent. For this were an exprobration to the Wisdom of God, as if he had mistook himself in creating of free agents, and by an after-device thus forcibly ever defeated their free actings, by denying them the ordinary assistances of nature. This would be such a force and stop upon the first spring of motion, that the greatest trials of men's spirits and the most pompous external solemnities would be stifled thereby, or utterly prevented; and all political prudence, sagacity, justice and courage would want their objects. Wherefore this indifferent and indiscriminating constancy of nature ought to be; it being reckon'd upon in those faculties God has endow'd both men and other animals with, whereby they are able to close with the more usual advantages of these standing laws of nature, and have sense and foresight to decline or provide against any dangerous circumstances of them; and that with at least as much certainty as is proportionable to the considerableness of the

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safety

safety of such an individual creature as cannot live always, nor was ever intended to live long upon earth.

Hyl. I partly understand what you would be at, Philotheus, and indeed so far, that I am almost disheartned from propounding the remainder of the meditations that met me on the road touching the *hail* also and the *thunder*. For methought nature seem'd very unkind to pelt a young foal so rudely with so big hail-stones, and give him so harsh a welcome into the world.

Philoth. Tush, Hylobares, that was but a sportful passage of nature, to try how tight and tinnient her new workmanship was; which if it were not able to bear such small fillips, it would be a sign that things hung very crazily and unsoundly together. Wherefore Nature does but justify the accuracy of her own artifice, in exposing her works to a number of such trials and hardships. This is but a slight scruple, Hylobares; but surely some profound conceit surprized your mind in your meditations touching the *thunder*.

Hyl. The main thing was this, That if Providence were so exact as some pretend, those thunder-claps that do any execution should ever pick out some notoriously-wicked fellow to make him an example, and
not

not strike an heedless goat brouzing on the side of a rock, or rend some old oak in a forest.

Philoth. This indeed is more shrewdly urged. But are you sure, Hylobares, that this were the most perfect way that nature could pitch upon?

Hyl. So it seems to me.

Philoth. I suppose then it is because you take this to be the most effectual way to make men good.

Hyl. Why not Philotheus?

Philoth. But suppose a mighty, if not an almighty arm out of the clouds should pull men by the ears as often as they offered to offend, would not that be more effectual?

Hyl. One would think so.

Philoth. Wherefore upon this ground you should require that also, Hylobares.

Hyl. But that would be too great a force upon free agents, O Philotheus.

Philoth. And how do you know, Hylobares, but that that other would be so likewise?

Hyl. I must confess, Philotheus, it is an hard matter to define what measure of force is to be used by Providence to keep men from sin.

Philoth. And therefore a rash thing to

prescribe laws or ways to Providence in so obscure a matter. Besides, there are so many notoriously-wicked, that there would be such thundring and rattling, especially over great cities, that we should be never quiet night nor day. And those that escaped would be forward to fancy themselves thunder-proof; and others, that there was no judgment to come, because vengeance was taken so exactly in this life. Besides that you seem to forget that the strokes of nature level not at particulars. For she is an unperceptive principle, and cannot act *pro re nata*, or suspend herself from acting; and that the end of *thunder* is not to forestall the last day of judgment, but for clearing the air, and sending more fattening shows into the bosom of the earth.

Hyl. But do *thunder-bolts* conduce any thing to that, Philotheus?

Philoth. Those are very seldom, Hylobares; and I deny not but they may have their moral use: but best so moderated as they are, not so constantly vibrated as your curiosity would have them. For if every perjured or notoriously-wicked person is to be pelted from heaven with *thunder-bolts*, people will presume them innocent whenever they die without this solemn vengeance done upon them.

Hyl.

Hyl. Well, I perceive I must produce new objections, and such as I have thought on more deliberately. For these, Philotheus easily blows away.

VI. An answer to Lucretius' arguments.

Philop. We will give you some little time of respite to consider, Hylobares. For I believe Euistor and his Lucretius will think themselves slighted if no man vouchsafes those Lucretian instances any answer.

Euist. If Philotheus thinks his hands will be full enough otherwise, I pray you, Philopolis, let Sophron play the Philotheus as well as I have play'd the Hylobares.

Sophr. Why truly Philotheus' discourse is able to make us all Philotheusses. And methinks, following his footsteps, it is no such difficult business to answer all those instances of Lucretius. I shall willingly attempt some of them myself. As that complaint of the earth's being run over with thorns and thistles, if man by his hand-labour did not cultivate it. For besides that we know that curse that came upon the fall, it is fit that we in this life should have something to grapple with, to keep us from idleness, the mother of mischief. And that the husbandman's pains are sometimes lost by ill weather, over-much heat, or wet, or the like; he is taught thereby not to sa-

crifice to his own net, but to depend upon God, and to give him the praise when he is successful, as also to be frugal and provident, and to lay up for an hard year. But for that imputation of so much of the earth's being uninhabitable by reason of extremity of heat or cold, we find by experience that it is mostly a mere calumny of nature. For the *torrid zone* is habitable, and a considerable part of the *frigid*: and that which is not is so little, that it is inconsiderable. And to speak briefly and at once; the inclination of the *axis* of the earth is so duly proportionated for the making it as habitable as it can be, that the wit of man cannot imagine any posture better. Now for those allegations, that rocks and mountains and woods and the sea take up so great a part; whatever elegancy there may be in Lucretius' poetry, the philosophy of such objections, I am sure, lies very shallow. For it is as unskillfully alledged against nature, that all the earth is not soft molds, as it would be that any animal is not all flesh, but that there is blood also and bones. The *rocks* therefore, beside other uses for conveying the subterraneous water, may serve also for consolidating the earth. And it is manifest that the *hills* are usually the promtuaries of rivers and springs, as Geographers

phers make good by infinite examples. Not to add what a treasury they are of minerals and metals, and wholesome pasturage for sheep, as the rocks delight the goats and the coneys. But the poet seems to speak so unskilfully, as if he expected all the face of the earth should be nothing else but rank green meadow; whenas to exclude the *sea*, would be like the draining of an animal of its heart-blood. Or if things could be so contrived as that all the surface of the earth should be rich meadow, and the world thereby thick inhabited by men, the air, in all likelihood, would become so unwholsome, that plagues and death would ever and anon sweep away all. Wherefore long tracts of dry and barren places are the security of so much health as we enjoy: which is of more consequence than to have the earth pester'd so with inhabitants, and ever and anon to have all to stink with noisomeness, pestilence and death.

Bath. And it is questionable, Sophron, whether these places that seem mere forlorn solitudes be not inhabited by at least as considerable creatures as men.

Cuph. I'll pawn my life, Bathynous means some aerial dæmons or spirits.

Bath. And why not, Cuphophon?

Cuph. Nay, I know nothing to the contrary.

Hyl.

Hyl. But I do.

Cupb. What's that, Hylobares?

Hyl. Why, I pray you tell me, Cuphophon, how can a spirit that is no-where, be in dry and barren places more than in meadow-pastures.

Cupb. Away, Hylobares, you are a very wag, I perceive you will break your brown study at any time to reach me a rap upon the thumbs.

Euist. Gentlemen, I know not whether you be in earnest or in jest touching these aerial *genii* in remote solitudes. But this I can assure you, that besides the usual and frequent fame of the dancing of fairies in woods and desolate places, Olaus and other historians make frequent mention of these things; and that there are *dæmones metallici*, that haunt the very inside of mountains, and are seen to work there when men dig in the mines. What merriment they also make on the outside of vast and remote hills, that one story of mount Athos may give us an instance of, as the matter is described in * Solinus. The impression of the passage sticks still fresh in my memory even to the very words. *Silet per diem universus, nec sine horrore secretus est: lucet nocturnis ignibus, choris Ægipanum undique persona-*

* Polybist. c, 37.

*personatur; audiuntur & cantus tibiaram
& tinnitus cymbalorum per oram mariti-
mam.* But of a more dreadful hue is that
desart described by * Paulus Venetus,
near the city Lop, as I take it, in the
dominions of the great Cham, " This wil-
" derness, saith he, is very mountainous
" and barren, and therefore not fit so much
" as to harbour a wild beast, but both by
" day and (especially) by night there are
" heard and seen several illusions and im-
" postures of wicked spirits. For which
" cause travellers must have a great care
" to keep together. For if by lagging be-
" hind a man chance to lose the sight of
" his company amongst the rocks and
" mountains, he will be called out of his
" way by these busy deceivers, who salut-
" ing him by his own name, and feigning
" the voice of some of his fellow-travel-
" lers that are gone before, will lead him
" aside to his utter destruction. There is
" heard also in this solitude sometimes the
" sound of drums and musical instruments,
" which is like to those noises in the night
" on mount Athos described by Solinus."
Wherefore such things as these so frequently
occurring in history make Bathynous' con-
ceit to look not at all extravagantly on it.

Sophr.

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Sophr. Our Saviour's mentioning spirits that haunt *dry places*, gives some countenance also to this conceit of Bathynous.

Euiſt. And ſo does the very Hebrew word *Sharim*, whoſe notation is from the *field*. But all theſe muſt be *lapsed ſpirits* therefore.

Bath. Ay, as ſure as men themſelves are lapsed, than which nothing is more, Euiſtor.

Euiſt. And ſo lapsed ſpirits and lapsed men divide the *earth* amongſt them. And why not the *ſea* too, Bathynous?

Bath. You mean the air over the ſurface of the ſea: for the *ſea* is ſufficiently well peopled with fiſhes.

Euiſt. 'Tis true.

Sophr. If this were not as poetical as Lucretius' poetry itſelf, his arguments againſt Providence were very weak indeed. But this is to bring in again the *Nereides* and *Oreades* of the Pagans.

Euiſt. And if ſo, why not alſo the *Hamadryades* and other ſpirits of the woods, that the vaſt woods Lucretius complains of may not be left to wild beaſts only, no more than the ſea to the fiſhes?

Sophr. In my apprehenſion Lucretius ſeems mightily at a loſs for arguments againſt Providence, while he is forced thus to fetch them from the *woods*. *Cuph.*

Cuph. Because you think, Sophron, that no arguments can be brought from thence but wooden ones.

Sophr. Indeed, Cuphophon, I was not so witty: but because the plentiful provision of wood and timber is such a substantial pledge of Divine Providence, the greatest conveniencies of life depending thereupon.

Euist. That is so plain a case, that it is not to be insisted upon. And yet it is not altogether so devoid of difficulty, in that the great woods are such coverts for wild beasts to garrison in.

Bath. But you do not consider what a fine harbour they are also for the harmless birds. But this is the ignorance and rude immorality of Lucretius, that out of a straight-laced self-love he fancies all the world so made for man, that nothing else should have any share therein; whenas all *unregenerate* persons are as arrant *brute animals* as these very *animals* they thus vilify and contemn.

Sophr. I thank you for that, Bathynous; for from hence, methinks, an answer is easily framed against his objection from man's being liable to be infested by horrible and hurtful beasts. For considering the general mass of mankind was grown such an herd
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of wicked animals, that is, beasts, what repugnancy to Providence is it that one beast invades another for their private advantage? But yet Providence sent in such secret supplies to these beasts in human shape, that seemed otherwise worse appointed for fight than their savage enemies armed with cruel teeth, and stings, and horns, and hoofs, and claws, (which she did partly by endowing them with such agility of body and nimbleness in swarming of trees, as apes and monkeys have now, but chiefly by giving them so great a share of wit and craft and combining policy) that Lucretius has no reason to complain against nature for producing these objects that do but exercise men's policy and courage, and have given them an opportunity of so successful a victory, as we see they have obtained in a manner throughout the whole world at this very day. And lastly, for that lamentable story of the circumstances of the entrance of infants into this life, it is *καπνὸς πομπικὸς*, it is mere *poetical smoke or fume*, that vanishes in the very uttering of it, and is so far from being a just subject of Lucretius' complaining rhetoric against Providence, that it is a pregnant instance of the exactness and goodness of Providence in nature. For there being

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so much wit and care and contrivance in mankind, both male and female, the weakness and destituteness of the infant is a grateful object to entertain both the skill and compassion of that tenderer sex, both mother, midwife, nurse, or what other assistants: tho' perhaps there has come in a greater debility in nature by our own defaults. But however, that body that was to be an habitacle for so sensible a spirit as the human soul, ought to be more tender and delicate than that of brute beasts, according to that physiognomical aphorism of Aristotle, οἱ μαλακόσαρκοι εὐφρεῖς. Nor is the crying of the infant so much a presage of the future evils of life, as a begging of aid against the present from them about him, by this natural rhetorick which Providence has so seasonably furnished him with. And for lambs, and calves, and cubs of foxes, they are not so properly said to need no rattles, as not to be capable of them, they having not so excellent a spirit in them as to be taken up with the admiration of any thing. For the child's amusement at the rattle is but the effect of that passion which is the mother of reason and all philosophy. And for that last of all, that mankind clothe themselves according to the seasons of the year, it is their privilege, not their defect:

for brute beasts, when it is cold, willingly apply themselves to the fire. But thus filly are ordinarily the reasonings of those men that have a mind there should be no *God*.

Euist. I promise you, Sophron, you have laid about you very notably, I think; and tho' I am something taken with the elegance of the poet, yet I must confess I cannot but be convinced that his reasonings are very weak.

Sophr. I have answered as well as I could this extemporarily; and if I have omitted any of the objections, Hylobares, if he see it worth the while, will resume them, and propose them to Philotheus, who is more exercised in these speculations.

Philoth. None more able in this kind than yourself, O Sophron: and I cannot but commend your caution and discretion, that you intimate, that the fulness and solidness of the cause we contend for is not to be measured from what we utter thus extemporarily in the defence thereof; as if we in a moment could find out all the richness of that divine wisdom that is couched in the contrivance of nature and in the ordering of the world. It is sufficient that we shew, that even to our present thought such reasons occur as are able to stop the mouths
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of them that are not partially affected, and to give a tast how that, if they would search farther into the reasons of things without prejudice, they will still find nature less faulty, or rather more and more perfect at the bottom.

VII. Of death, how consistent with the goodness of Providence.

Philop. I think it is not without a special Providence, O Hylobares, that you are fallen into the company of so many skilful and successful defenders of Providence; and therefore I desire you would produce the most considerable scruples that ever diseased your mind. For if any-where, you will here find a cure.

Hyl. I shall produce all, Philopolis, and consequently the most considerable, but in such order as they occur to my memory. And for the present these are those that swim uppermost in my thoughts; viz. *diseases, war, famine, pestilence, earthquakes,* and *death* itself, the sad effect of so affrightful causes. These, methinks, do not so well consist with that *benignity of Providence* that Philotheus contends for.

Philoth. These are indeed sad and terrible names, Hylobares; but I hope to make it appear, that the world in general are more scar'd than hurt by these affright-

ful bugbears. I will begin with that which is accounted the most horrid, I mean, *death* itself. For why should mankind complain of this decree of God and nature, which is so necessary and just? I mean not only in reference to our lapsed condition, which incurr'd the penalty of death; but that there is a becoming sweetness in this severity, in respect both of the soul itself, as it is so timely released from this bondage of vanity, and also in regard of our *peccaminous terrestrial* personalities here. For I hold it an oeconomy more befitting the goodness of God, to communicate life to a succeeding series of *terrestrial* persons, than that one constant number of them should monopolize all the good of the world, and so stifle and forestal all succeeding generations.

Hyl. I do not understand that, Philotheus. Why may not a set sufficient number of men, equal to the largest number of the succession, be as meet an object of the divine goodness, as a continual succession of them? For there is an equal communication of good in the one case as in the other.

Philoth. If there be this equality, it argues an indifferency whether way it be; and therefore it is no flaw in Providence whatever way it is. But yet I say that way that is taken is the best: because that
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in this terrestrial condition there would be a satiety of the enjoyments of this life; and therefore it is fit that, as well saturated guests, we should at length willingly recede from the table.

Ewist. I believe Philotheus alludes to that of Lucretius, where he brings in nature arguing excellently well against the fond complaints of mankind:

Quid tibi tantopere est, mortalis, quod nimis aegris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis ac fies?
Nam si grata fuit tibi vita ante acta priorque,
Et non omnia, pertusum congesta quasi in vas,
Commoda perfluxere atque ingrata interiere,
Cur non ut plenus vitae conviva recedis?

Philoth. But my eye was most upon the following verses:

Nam tibi praeterea quod machiner inveniamque
Quod placeat nihil est, eadem sunt omnia semper.
Si tibi non annis corpus jam marcet, et artus
Confecti languent, eadem tamen omnia restant,
Omnia si pergas vivendo vincere secla.

From whence I would infer, that there is more joy and pleasure arises to men in this way of succession of mankind, than if there were the same men always. And the theater of the world is better varied and made more delightful to the invisible spectators of it, as also the records of history to them that read them. For it were a dull thing to have always the same actors upon the stage. Besides that the varieties of mens ages would be lost, and the prettinesses of their passions, and the difference of sexes, which afford their pe-

cular pleasures and delights one to another. And there is the same reason for brutes, who when they die, tho' they find not themselves in the other state, as we do, yet they no more miss themselves after death than they sought themselves before they were born.

Hyl. I must confess, Philotheus, that the case is at least so disputable, that a man cannot lay any just charge against Providence from this topick.

Philoth. Besides, Hylobares, it seems to be of the very nature of terrestrial animals to be mortal, and that without the force of a miracle they cannot endure for ever. What therefore could Providence do better, than to make their *species* immortal by a continued propagation and succession? For that is the infirmity of *our particular* nature to dote upon *individuals*: But the *divine goodness*, which is *universal*, is of a more released and large nature; and since *individuals* will be thus fading and mortal, concerns herself only in the conservation of the *species*. To all which you may add, That unless you could secure this terrestrial world from sin and sense of grief and pain, not to be able to die, to the generality of men oppressed and tormented by the tyranny and wickedness of others, might

might prove the greatest infelicity that could befall them. Immortality, Hylobares, join'd with pride and ambition, would easily bring the world to this pass: and men now, tho' mortal, yet conceive immortal enmities one against another.

VIII. Of diseases.

Hyl. That's shrewdly suggested, Philotheus. But admit the necessity of dying, what necessity or conveniency of the frequentness of *diseases*? Which is an head in Lucretius which Sophron forgot to speak to.

Philoth. As for *diseases* in general, Hylobares, they are as necessary sequels of the terrestrial nature as death itself. But as *death* would visit us more slowly, so would *diseases* less fiercely and frequently, if it were not for our own intemperance and irregular passions; which we are to blame for what we find most intolerable, and not to tax Providence, which has contrived all for the best, and has let nothing pass without mature judgment and deliberation. For *diseases* themselves, tho' the natural sequels of a mortal constitution, may well be approved of by the Divine Wisdom for sundry reasons. As first, While they are inflicted they better the mind in those that are good, and are but a just scourge to them that are evil; and the pleasure

sure of recovery doth ordinarily more than compensate the over-past misery in both. So little cause have either to complain of the neglect of Providence in such visitations.

Bath. Nay, indeed, I think that mankind have so little reason to complain, that they have rather a very high obligation to admire and extol that Providence that suffers so many outward evils, as they are called, to rove in the world. For where they hit, they frequently put us into such capacities of seriously bethinking ourselves of the duties of piety and virtue as we should never meet with, for all the *boasts of our free-will*, unless these heavy weights were cast into the balance to *poize against* our propensions to follow the lusts and pleasures of life, and the ordinary allurements of the world.

Philoth. That is excellently well observed indeed, Bathynous.

Hyl. But I pray you proceed, Philotheus.

Philoth. I was observing in the second place, That the sick being a spectacle to them that are well, make them more sensible of their own health, and should stir up in them thankful devotion towards God their preserver, and engage them to employ

ploy their health to the best purposes. And lastly, That *diseases* are a notable object of man's art and industry and skill in medicine; the exercise whereof does very highly gratify them that are either lovers of *mankind* or of *money*. That therefore that does naturally accrue to the condition of a terrestrial creature, why should God interpose his omnipotency to disjoin it, especially it bringing along with it such considerable conveniences? Nor must we think much that sometimes a disease is invincible: for thereby sickness becomes more formidable to the patient, without which it would not prove so good physick to his soul; and general success would lessen the estimate of the cure, and the pleasure of escaping the danger of the disease; as likewise it would diminish the joys and congratulations of friends and officious visitants. For it is fit that things should be set home upon our passions, that our delights thereby may become more poignant and triumphant.

IX. Of war, famine, pestilence, and earthquakes.

Hyl. You come off jollily, methinks, Philotheus, apologizing thus in the general. But if you will more closely view the particular grim countenances of those more horrid disasters of mankind, *war, famine, pesti-*

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pestilence, and *earthquakes*, which I intimated before, these one would think should abate your courage.

Philoth. Concerning these, Hylobares, I answer, first in general, That it is worth our taking notice of, how Divine Providence has counted upon this extraordinary expence of man's blood and life, the generations of men being not considerably scantied for all these four greedy devourers of them. And therefore we ought to consider what a testimony of the perfection of the works of God in nature the greatest disasters of the world are. For if they did not appear, we should think it liable to none, but that it stood wholly on its own legs. But we now seeing it liable to so great ones, and yet such as are perpetually triumphed over by that wisdom and counsel of God that is so peremptorily carried on in the nature of things, we are thereby manifestly convinced of a Providence even from such things as at first sight seem most to contradict it. To which you may add that eminent use of the calamitousness of this scene of things, if we must needs think it so, namely the serious seeking after a portion in those regions that are not subject to such horrid disasters, those *sedes quietæ*, as your Lucretius calls them,

them, Hylobares, and in imitation of Homer, that more religious poet, describes them very elegantly. I believe Euistor could recite the verses.

Euist. I remember them very well, Philotheus.

Apparet Divum numen, sedesque quietae,
Quas neque concutiunt venti, nec nubila nimbis
Aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubilis aether
Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

Hyl. But I do not intend to be thus put off with an old song, Philotheus: I desire to hear your account of those four more dismal particulars I proposed.

Philoth. Why, that is no such hard province, Hylobares. For as for *war* and its effects, it is not to be cast upon God, but on ourselves, whose untamed lusts, having shaken off the yoke of reason, make us mad after dominion and rule over others, and our pride and haughtiness impatient of the least affront or injury. And for *famine*, it is ordinarily rather the effect of *war* than the defect of the soil or unkindliness of the season; which if it were, mens providence and frugality might easily prevent any more direful ill consequences thereof; and present necessities set mens wits on work. And there is also that communication betwixt nations and countries, that supplies are usually made in
such

such like exigencies. I confess *plagues* and *pestilences* would seem more justly chargeable upon God, did we not pull them down upon ourselves as deserved scourges for our disobedience. And tho' whole cities be sometimes swept away with them, as that of *Athens* and *Constantinople*, yet we are to consider that such acute diseases make quick dispatch; which makes *earthquakes* in like manner the more tolerable. For whether they be islands or cities that are thus swallowed into the ground or sunk into the sea, it is a present death and more speedy burial. Thus perished those two famous cities of *Achaia*, *Helice* and *Buris*; as also, according to *Plato* and some others, an ancient *Atlantick* island sunk into the sea. But what more than ordinary mischief came to the inhabitants? For the souls of the good, having once left their bodies, would easily find way through the crannies of the earth or depth of the sea, and so pass to those ethereal seats and mansions of the blessed. And for the souls of the bad, what advantage the atheist can make to himself by enquiring after them I know not. If a man's fancy therefore be not suddenly snatch'd away, these things are nothing so terrible as they seem at first sight;
nay,

may, such as we of our own accord imitate in *sea-fights*, which have sunk I know not how many thousands of floating islands thick inhabited, by the thunder and battering of murderous Cannons. But it is the skill of the great *Dramatist* to enrich the history of the world with such tragical transactions. For were it not for bloody fightings of battles, and dearly-bought victories, the strange changes and subversions of kingdoms and empires, the horrible narrations of countries depopulated by devouring plague and famine, of whole cities swallowed down by unexpected earthquakes, and entire continents drown'd by sudden inundations, the spectators of this terrestrial stage-play would even nod for want of something more than ordinarily notorious to engage and hold on their attention. Wherefore these things are not at all amiss for the adorning of the history of time, and recommending of this theatre of the world to those that are contemplative of nature and Providence. For the records of these fore-past miseries of other ages and places naturally engender a pious fear in the well-disposed, and make all that hear thereof more sensibly relish their present tranquillity and happiness. And, which is ever to be considered, the inex-

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haustible stock of the universe will very easily bear the expence of all these so amusing pomps and solemnities: which therefore give the more ample witness to the *wisdom* and *power* of the Deity.

Hyl. But we seek more ample witnesses of his *goodness*, O Philotheus.

Philoth. Why, it is one part of his *goodness* thus to display before us his *wisdom* and *power*, to perfect our natures, and bring us into admiration and love of himself. For you see all these things have their usefulness, that is, their advantageous regard to us. For God wants nothing.

X. Of ill accidents happening to brute creatures, whereby their lives become miserable.

Hyl. Nay, I see you will make every thing out, Philotheus. Nor dare I adventure to propose to you the *murrain* of cattle or *rots* of sheep, whenas you have already suggested that touching the mortality of men, which you will expect should stop my mouth. And I confess you may add, that they may be swept away sometimes for the wickedness or trial of their owners. And therefore I will not so much insist upon the death of dumb creatures, as upon such accidents as may make their lives more lingeringly miserable; as the putting some limb out of joint, the
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breaking of a bone, or the like. For why does not that invisible power that invigilates over all things prevent such sad accidents? it being as easy for him that made them to keep them from harm, as it was to make them; he being *able* to do all things without any trouble or disturbance to himself, and being so good and *benign* as to despise none of his innocent creatures.

Philoth. This is pertinently urged, Hylobares. But I answer, That God has made the world as a complete *Automaton*, a *Machina* that is to move upon its own spring and wheels, without the frequent recourse of the artificer; for that were but a bungle. Wherefore that the Divine art or skill incorporate into matter might be manifest, absolute power does not interpose, but the condition of every thing is according to the best contrivance this terrene matter is capable of. Wherefore these ill accidents that happen to living creatures testify that there is nothing but the *ordinary Divine artifice* modifying the matter that keeps up the creature in its natural condition and happiness. Whereby the wisdom of God is more clearly and wonderfully set out to us; that notwithstanding the frailty of the matter, yet the careful organization of the parts of a creature

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does so defend it from mischief, that it very seldom happens that it falls into such harms and casualties as you specify. But if an immediate extraordinary and absolute power did always interpose for the safety of the creature, the efficacy of that intellectual contrivance of the matter into such organs and parts would be necessarily hid from our knowledge, and the greatest pleasure of natural philosophy come to nothing. Which is of more concernment than the perpetual security of the limbs of every beast; especially it happening so very seldom that any of them are either strain'd or broken, unless it be long of us, and then Providence is acquitted.

Hyl. How long of us, Philotheus? For these mischances are incident to more creatures than we ride on, or make to draw at either plough, coach, or cart.

Philoth. As for example, when one shoots at a flock of pigeons or a flush of ducks, do you expect that Divine Providence should so guide the shot, that it should hit none but what it kill'd outright, and not send any away with a broken leg? By the same reason neither should it be in our power to break the leg of a bird, if she were in our hands. And, which is of greater moment, the judge should be struck dumb

dumb so soon as he began to give sentence against the innocent; the sword should fall out of the hand of him that maintains an unjust quarrel; the lips of the priest should be miraculously sealed up so soon as he began to vent false doctrines, and delude the people with lies; and the dangerous physick of either an unskilful or villainous physician should never be able to find the way to the mouth of the credulous patient. The sense of which would be, That God should make man a free creature, and yet violently determine him to one part. Which would make useless the sundry faculties of the soul, prevent the variety of orders of men, silence these busy actors on this stage of the earth, and by this palpable interposal, as it were, bring *Christ* to judgment before the time. Thus would the ignorance and impatience of the unskilful raise the theatre before the play be half done, the intricacy of the plot making the spectacle tedious to them that understand it not. But let the atheist know there will be a Θεὸς ἀπὸ μυχῶν, *Christ* coming in the clouds, that shall salve up all, whom he shall see at length to his own sorrow and confusion.

Philop. Excellently good indeed, Philotheus!

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Hyl. And it is well it is so, Philopolis, for otherwise it were intolerable. For he repeats but what he said before upon my first objection. But *δὲς καὶ τρεῖς τὸ καλόν.*

Philop. I pray you, Philotheus, proceed.

Philoth. In the mean time God has not left us without excuse, having given us the admirable works of nature and the holy oracles to exercise our faith and reason. But so frequent and palpable interpellations in human affairs would take away the usefulness of both, and violently compel, not persuade the free creature. And thus would our intellectuals lose their most proper and pleasant game, the seeking out God by his footsteps in the creation. For this were to thrust himself upon us whether we would or no, not to give us the pleasure and exercise of searching after him in the tracts of nature; in which there is this surprizing delight, that if we meet with any thing that seems less agreeable at first sight, let us use the greatest wit we can to alter it, upon farther trial we shall find that we have but made it worse by our tampering with it. So that we always find that what-ever evil there is in the world, it is to be charged upon the incapability of the creature, not the envy or oversight of the Creator. For did things proceed from such a principle

ciple as wanted either *skill* or *goodness*, that were not *God*.

XI. Of the cruelty and rapacity of animals.

Hyl. That is acknowledged on both sides. But this is the thing we sweat at, to make the *phenomena* of the world correspond with so excellent a principle. Which, methinks, nothing does so harshly grate against as that law of *cruelty* and *rapine*, which God himself seems to have implanted in nature amongst ravenous birds and beasts. For things are there as he has made them, and it is plain in the talons, beaks, paws and teeth of these creatures, that they are armed fittingly for that tragical design. Besides that commission that man hath over the lives of them all.

Cupb. I am heartily glad to see this puzzling objection brought upon the stage; not that I would have the cause of Providence any way entangled or prejudiced, but that there is so fit an opportunity of shewing the unparallel'd usefulness (in the greatest exigencies) of the peculiar notions of that stupendious wit Des-Cartes: amongst which that touching brutes being mere *machina's* is very notorious.

Philop. So it is indeed, O Cuphophon.

Cupb. And the usefulness here as notorious. For it takes away all that conceived
hardship

hardship and misery that brute creatures undergo, either by our rigid dominion over them, or by their fierce cruelty one upon another. This new hypothesis sweeps away all these difficulties at one stroke.

Hyl. This is a subtil invention indeed, Cuphophron, to exclude brute creatures always from life, that they may never cease to live.

Cuph. You mistake me, Hylobares; I exclude them from life, that they may never die with pain.

Hyl. Why, few men but die so, Cuphophron, and yet scarce any man but thinks it worth the while to have lived, tho' he must die at last in such circumstances. And there not being that *reflexiveness* nor so *comprehensive* and *presagient* an *anxiety* or *present deep resentment* in brutes in their suffering as in rational creatures, that short pain they undergo when they are devoured by one another cannot be considerable nor bear the thousandth proportion to that pleasure they have reaped in their life. So that it is above a thousand times better that they should be animated with sensitive life, than be but mere *machina's*.

Phil. Truly, methinks Hylobares argues very demonstratively against you, Cuphophron; and that therefore the *Cartesian* hypothesis

pothesis in this case is so far from helping out any difficulty in divine Providence, that it were the greatest demonstration in the world against the goodness thereof, if it were true; namely, that such an infinite number of animals, as we call them, capable of being so truly, and of enjoying a vital happiness, should be made but mere senseless puppets, and devoid of all the joys and pleasures of life.

Hyl. I expect a better answer from Philotheus, or else I shall be very much left in the dark.

Philoth. My answer in brief is this: that this is the sport that the divine wisdom affords the contemplative in the speculation of her works, in that she puzzles them at the first sight even to the making of herself suspected of some oversight, and that she has committed some offence against the sacred nature of *God*, which is *goodness* and *justice* itself; which yet they afterwards more accurately scanning find most of all agreeable to that rule. As certainly it is here. For what is so just as that aphorism of Pythagoras' school, *Τὸ χέρηρον ἕνεκα τῆ βελτίονος*, that *the worse is made for the better*? And what so good wisdom, as to contrive things for the highest enjoyment

ment of all? For I say, as I said before, that divine Providence in the generations of fishes, birds and beasts, cast up in her account the supernumeraries that were to be meat for the rest. And Hylobares is to prove whether so many individuals of them could come into the world and continue so in succession, if they were not to be lessened by this seeming cruel law of feeding one upon another. And besides, we see sundry *species* of living creatures this way the most pleasantly and transportingly provided for. For how delightful a thing it is for them by their craft and agility of body to become masters of their prey, men that make to themselves a fortune by their own wit, policy and valour, let them be judges. Where something of consequence is in chace, it makes the pleasure of the game more solid, fills the faculties with more vigour and alacrity, and makes the victory more savoury and valuable. As running for a wager makes a man feel his limbs with more courage and speed, and find himself more pleased that he has overcome his antagonist. Wherefore the *animal life* in beasts and birds (and they were never intended for any thing higher) is highly gratify'd by this exercise of their strength and craft, and yet the *species* of all things very copiously

copiously preserved. But to complain that some certain numbers are to be lopp'd off; which notwithstanding must at last die, and if they lived and propagated without any such curb, would be a burthen to the earth and to themselves for want of food, it is but the cavil of our own *softness* and *ignorant effeminacy*, no just charge against God or nature. For the divine wisdom freely and generously having provided for the whole, does not, as man, dote on this or that particular, but willingly lets them go for a more solid and more universal good. And as for *beeves* and *sheep*, the more ordinary food of man, how often is the countryman at a loss for grass and fodder for them? Judge then what this foolish pity of ever sparing them would bring upon them. They would multiply so fast, that they would die for famine and want of food.

Hyl. What you say, Philotheus, I must confess is not immaterial. But yet, methinks, it looks very harshly and cruelly, that one living creature should fall upon another and slay him, when he has done him no wrong.

Philoth. Why, Hylobares, tho' I highly commend this good nature in you, yet I must tell you, it is the *idioticalness* of your fancy that makes you thus puzzled
in

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in this case. For you fancy brutes as if they were men: whenas they have no other law than the common law of nature, which is the law of *self-love*, the cravings of which they will satisfy, whatever is incommoded thereby. As the fire will burn if it take hold, tho' to the consumption of a whole forest, notwithstanding the wood never did the fire any hurt, that it should use it so: so every animal would satisfy its own craving appetite, tho' it were by the devouring of all the world beside. This every sparrow, titmouse or swallow would do. So that if you will indulge to that fancy, they are all wicked alike; and therefore it need not seem so harsh that the devourers are also to be devoured. But it is the most true and philosophical apprehension, to impute no more wickedness to devouring brutes than to swallowing gulfs of the sea or devouring fire.

XII. Of the rage of the elements, the poison of serpents, and wrath of wild beasts.

Hyl. Why, Philotheus, that is the thing I was going to object in the next place; I mean, as well the rage of the elements, as the wrath of wild beasts, and several monstrosities of creatures that occur, whether whole *species* or single individuals. For
do

do not these discover some malignancy in the principles of the world, inconsistent with so lovely and benign an author as we seek after?

Euiſt. I can tell you an hypothesis, *Hylobares*, that will sufficiently solve this objection, if you and I could close with it.

Hyl. I warrant you mean the *Behmenical*, the corruption of the *Divine Salnitre* by the rebellion of *Lucifer* against his Maker. These things I admire at a distance, *Euiſtor*, but, as you say, I have not an heart to close with them. For I cannot believe that there is any might or counsel that can prevail against God; or that he can overshoot himself so far, as to give the staff out of his own hands in such a measure as is taught in that hypothesis. Wherefore, *Philotheus*, I desire a more credible account of these things from you.

Philoth. I shall offer you, *Hylobares*, a very easy and intelligible supposition.

Hyl. I pray you what is it, *Philotheus*? I long to hear it.

Philoth. Only this; That this stage of the earth, and the comprehension of its *Atmosphere*, is one of the meanest, the least glorious and least happy mansions in the creation; and that God may make one part of the creation less noble than another,

ther, nay it may be his wisdom requires it should be so at length in process of time; as the art of painting requires dark colours as well as those more bright and florid in well-drawn pictures. Therefore I say, the nature of things, even of all of them, sin only excepted, is but less good here, not truly evil or malignant.

Hyl. How does that appear, Philotheus?

Philoth. It is manifest, for example, that there is no such malignant heat as is supposed in fire, but all is sound and sacred, if it be in due measure and in right circumstances apply'd. For it is well known, that the gentle and comfortable rays of the sun may be so crouded together in one point by the artifice of glasses, that they will be so furiously hot as to melt hard metalline bodies. And little question is to be made, but that there are certain particles, good store, in nature, of a form long and flexible, that the ordinary heat of the sun raising into a vapour, and he or some higher principle still more strongly agitating them, will cause mighty winds and tempests, and these tempests vehemently toss the sea, and make it rage and roar. But that sea-voyages become dangerous by this means, is but the exercise of the wit and observation of man,
and

and has occasioned a most accurate art of navigation. And if some ships notwithstanding be cast away, it ever makes the passenger that has any piety in him pay his vows at land with greater religion and devotion. And for the wrath of beasts, it has nothing more diabolical in it than natural choler and the flames of fire, which do no more hurt than the pure beams of the sun passing through a pure glass, whose figure only makes them burn. But the power of God indeed seems more barely set out in these fierce beasts of prey, such as the *lion*, *bear*, and *tyger*, and is yet more terrible in huge scaled *dragons* and *serpents*. But if these kind of creatures bear any mischief or poison in their teeth or tails or their whole body, that poison is nothing but disproportionality of particles to the particles of our own or other animals bodies. And nature has armed us with caution, flight and abhorrency from such dreadful spectacles. But we must not make our abhorrency the measure and true estimate of others natures. For those poisonous creatures are not poisonous to their own kind, and are so far from mutual abhorrency, that they are joined in the nearest link of love that can be, whereby they propagate their *species*. Where-

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fore these objects of so terrible an aspect are not evil in themselves, but being capable of the delights of the *animal life* as well as any other, and being so egregiously direful to behold, as living symbols of that attribute of *power* unqualified with *goodness*, they were rightly brought into being in this region of sin, as ready instruments of Divine wrath, notorious ornaments of the theatre of the world, and a great enrichment of the history of nature, which would be defective, did it not run from one extreme to another. For even variety of sweet things cloy, and there is no remedy so good as the mixture of sharp, bitter and sour.

XIII. Of monstrosities in nature.

And therefore those more sacred and congruous laws of nature are sometimes violated by her own prerogative, as is manifest in the birth of *monsters*; which I look upon as but a piece of sportfulness in the order of things, as when a well-favoured boy makes a wry mouth out of wantonness, whereupon the sudden composition of his countenance into its natural frame seems the more lovely and amiable: but for these prodigious deviations, they are not many. For it is the rarity of them that invites the people to look after them.

And

And it is a plain argument they are well pleased with these novel spectacles, they so willingly parting with their monies to have the sight of them. For these diversities of objects in the world variously touch the minds of men, playing upon their several affections and faculties as a musician on the sundry keys of an organ or virginals. And that stop which is a discord of itself, yet not being too long stood upon, makes the succeeding harmony more sweet. And so it is in that which is uglily defective or mishapen, it quickens the sense of that due shape and elegancy we see ordinarily in other things. But that there are whole nations absolutely monstrous or mishapen, such as the *Cynocephali*, *Acephali*, *Monoculi*, *Monocoli*, and the like, it will be then time enough to answer to that difficulty, when the truth of the story is cleared. The probability of which I think Euistor is as able to judge of as most men, he taking so special a felicity in reading of histories.

Euist. That there are such monstrous nations mentioned in history, O Philotheus, it cannot be dissembled. But for the credibility of the story or pertinency to this subject, that is not so clear. For in my apprehension historians do very much betray
T 3 their

their vanity in the very circumstances of what they relate. As in the *Monocoli* of *Tartarie*, which, they say, have but one arm as well as but one leg; but they add, that they run so swift on that single hand and foot, that no horse can keep pace with them. Which if it were true, what great charge could be laid against nature for making so admirable and useful a fabrick? There is also a people near *California*, called *Enoticæti*, which they say have long ears that reach to the very ground, but withal so large and thin and limber, that they hang like a scarf behind or before them; which they spread and lie in a nights on the ground, (if any be so foolish as to believe it:) from whence they are called *Enoticæti*, as having their *ears* for sheets to *lie in*. So that when they travel they may *in utramque aurem dormire*, and be afraid of no contagion but what they carry with them.

Cuph. This is a pretty privilege, *Euistor*. But I would be very loth to be so liable to be lugg'd by the ears up and down as they are, for all their security of wholesome sheets.

Euist. For my part, I must confess, I look upon it as a very fable; as I do also upon those several stories of the *Monocoli*.
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And Sir *John Mandevill*, to outbid the mendacity of all his predecessors, thought it not enough to feign nations with one eye in their heads only, but also such as had none at all, but only two holes like empty sockets where the lights should be placed. But to give you my conjecture, I think the first occasion of this fable of the *Monoculi* was raised from the *Scythian Arimaspi*, which were famed to be such, and indeed have their name from thence, as *Eustathius* notes upon *Dionysius Afer*, 'Αγὶ γὰρ τὸ ἐν Σκυθίῃ, μασσὸς δὲ ὁ ὀφθαλμός.

Philop. What's that *Euiſtor*?

Euiſt. 'Αγὶ in the *Scythian* language is as much as *one*, and μασσὸς as much as to say an eye. So that *Arimaspus* signifies as much as *one-eyed*. And *Æschylus* in the same author calls them μονῶπα στρατὸν, the *one-ey'd army*, as being excellently well exercised archers, and having by frequent winking on one eye lessened it so much as in a manner to have lost the use of it. I believe there is no more in it than this; and can hardly conclude with *Eustathius*, that in process of time they begot children quite deprived of one of their eyes. But be that how it will, that was no fail

fail of nature, but a fault of their own. But surely from such slight hints as these might so many loud lies be spread abroad in the world. And when they had once brought it to one eye, they might then place it according to the easiness of their fancy, not on one side of the nose, but, as Pliny does those of the † *Arimaspi*, in the midst of their forehead.

And as for the *Acephali*, they might be nothing but some strong hutch-back'd people, that having their heads very low and their shoulders high, men in humour and derision might say that they had their mouths in their breasts and their eyes in their shoulders. For men love to express themselves so as to raise admiration.

And lastly, for the *Cynocephali*, it is a thing incredible, and betrays the falseness by the circumstances of the report. As that they understand one another by barking and howling, and partly by signs with their hands and fingers; that they have long tails like dogs, and that they engender as dogs do, and that the human way is by them, forsooth, accounted more shameful and dishonest. I believe the truth of the existence of those apes that are called *Cynocephali* gave the first ground to this amplify'd fable; which you may see more enlarged

in † *Eusebius Neirimbergius*, but rejected even by him as a vain report.

And as the *Cynocephali* are but brutes, so I conceive those terrible men with horns beyond *Cathay*, and those human shapes with long tails that straggle on the mountainous parts of the island *Borneo*, with other sportful variations and deviations from the usual figure of man, were but so many several kinds of *Satyrs*, *Monkeys* and *Baboons*, that are of a middle nature betwixt men and beasts, as the sundry sorts of *plant-animals* are betwixt *beasts* and *trees*. And as the perfectest of *plant-animals* come very near an absolute animal, as the *Borranetz* not far from the *Caspian* sea amongst the *Tartars*; so the perfectest of *Satyrs* and *Apes* may very well come so near mankind that they may be suspected to be of human race. But that they can ever be improved to the accomplishment of a man, I think as little probable, as the turning of a *Zoophyton* into a perfect animal.

Philop. On my word, *Hylobares*, *Euistor* has laid about him more than ordinary in this point.

Hyl. I must confess, *Philopolis*, that *Euistor* has spoke so probably touching these stories of human monstrosities, that I cannot

† Hist. Nat. l. 5. c. 15.

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not have the face upon so uncertain reports to lay a charge against Providence; whose exactness is so conspicuous in things of assured and certain knowledge. And therefore I would now pass from this *class* of *natural evils*, if that three more of this kind (if I may call them all *natural*) did not forcibly detain me. For indeed they are such as do more amuse me and disettle me than any I have yet proposed.

Philoth. I pray, what are those, Hylobares?

XIV. Of fools, mad-men, and men irreclamably wicked from their very birth.

Hyl. That sad spectacle of *natural fools*, of *mad-men*, and of *men from their very childhood irreclamably wicked*. I cannot devise how such *phenomena* as these can well comport with so benign a Providence as you seem to plead for. To me, *Philoth.*, they are the most dismal sights in the world.

Philoth. And, to deal ingenuously with you, Hylobares, there is nothing does more contristate and melancholize my spirit than any reflections upon such objects. But yet I cannot conclude but that God may be exactly good and just in his dealings with men for all this. For we must consider that mankind by their fall are lapsed
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into a parallel condition with that of beasts in a manner, and, by their being invested with these terrestrial induments, do put themselves into all those hazards that the brutal life is obnoxious to, that is to say, not only the diseases of the body, but the maladies also of those better faculties of perception and imagination, of natural wit and sagacity, and of natural humour and disposition. The distemper of any of these seizes the soul, if it meet with so ill a fitted body. For we see that some beasts are egregiously more sottish and slow than others of their own kind, and more mischievous and unmanageable, as is observable in *dogs* and *horses*. And several brutes are capable of becoming mad. These mischiefs follow this terrestrial fate of things, which none can be secure from but those that inhabit not in these houses of clay. And who knows but he that is born a natural fool, if he had had natural wit, would have become an arrant knave? which is an hundred times worse. And to have been in a capacity of being good, and yet to range out into all manner of wickedness, is more horrible than to have ever had a senselessness of what is pious and virtuous uninterruptedly from the very birth. And as for *mad-men*, it is notoriously known that
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the greatest cause is ordinarily immorality, pride, the want of faith in God, or inordinate love of some outward object. But no madness but that which is purely a disease is to be charged upon Providence: for which there is the like apology as for other diseases; which if we should admit they did not always good to the afflicted, yet it cannot be denied but that they do very naturally tend to the bettering of the spectators, as this sad object of *madness* ought to do; to make men humble and modest, and masters of their passions, and studious of purification of soul and body, and close adherers to the Deity, that so horrid a distemper may never be able to seize them; to keep down the ferocity of desire, and to be wholly resigned to the will of God in all things, and not to seek a man's self no more than if he were not at all; not to love the praise of men, nor the pride of the world, nor the pleasures of life, but to make it his entire pleasure to be of one will with his Maker, nor to covet any thing but the accomplishment of his will in all things.

Hyl. This *divine madness*, you will say, Philotheus, will extinguish all natural madness, as the pure light of the sun does any coarse terrestrial fire.

Philoth.

Philoth. This divine sobriety, Hylobares, will keep our animal spirits safe and sober.

Bath. I conceive, Philotheus, that Hylobares may not call that excellent state of the soul a *divine madness* out of any reproach to it, but for the significance of the expression. For madness is nothing else but an ecstaticalness of the soul, or an emotion of the mind, so that a man is said *not to be himself*, or *to be beside himself*. The misery of which in natural madness is, that he being thus unhinged, he roves and is flung off at random whether it happens, or lock'd into some extravagant fancy or humour that is to no purpose, or else to ill purpose. But *divine madness* is, when a man by studiously and devotionally quitting himself and his own animal desires thro' an intire purification of his spirit, being thus loosened from himself, is laid fast hold on by the Spirit of God, who guides this faithful and well-fitted instrument, not according to the ignorant or vicious modes of the world, but his motions keep time to that musick which is truly holy, seraphical and divine, I mean, to the measures of sound reason and pure intellect.

Hyl. I meant no worse, Bathynous, than you intimate; but you have apologized
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more floridly and rhetorically for me than I could have done for myself. And therefore this rub being removed, I beseech you, Philotheus, proceed in your well-begun apology touching those difficulties in Providence which I last propounded.

Philoth. I will add therefore these two considerations. First, that this life is short, and that no more is required of these ill-appointed persons for wisdom and virtue than proportionally to the talent committed to them. So that their danger is diminished according to the lessening of the measure of their capacities. Secondly, that it is our fancy rather than our reason that makes us imagine these objects so much more sad and deplorable, than what we see in the ordinary sort of men. For, as I was intimating before, which of these two is the more deplorable state, to be a fool by *fate* or upon *choice*? And are not all things toys and fools-baubles and the pleasures of Children or beasts, excepting what is truly *moral* and *intellectual*? and how few, I pray you, amongst many thousands do seriously spend their studies in any thing weightily moral or intellectual, but fiddle away their time as idly as those that pull straws or tie knots on rushes in a fit of delirium or lunacy? The wits of this age contend

contend very much for this paradox, That there is no other happiness than content; but it is the happiness of natural fools, to find their content more easily and certainly than these very wits. And there is in this case much the same reason of *mad-men* as of *fools*. And what is the gaudiness of fools coats but the gallantry of these wits, tho' not altogether so authentickly in fashion? Besides, this may excuse Providence something, that the generality of men do usually flock after fools and mad-men, and shew themselves delighted with the object.

Bath. They are pleased, it may be, to see some more mad and sottish than themselves, and so congratulate to themselves the advantage and pre-eminency, as they fancy, of their own condition.

Hyl. It may be they approach to them as to alluring looking-glasses, wherein they may so lively discern their own visages.

Philoth. You may have spoken more truly in that, Hylobares, than you are aware of, saving that generally men are more foolish and mad than these looking-glasses can represent them. *Nihil tam absurde dici potest quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum*, is a saying of Cicero. And if the Philosophers themselves be such

fools, what are the Plebeians? Could ever any thing more sottish or extravagant fall into the mind of either *natural fool* or *mad-man*, than, *that the eternal God is of a corporeal nature and shape; that the world and all the parts of it, the organized bodies of men and beasts not excepted, are the result of a blind jumble of mere matter and motion without any other guide? What more phrantick than the figment of transubstantiation, and of infallible lust, ambition, and covetousness? Or what more outrageous specimen of madness, than the killing and slaying for the non-belief of such things?* A man is accounted a natural fool for preferring his bauble before a bag of gold; but is not he a thousand times more foolish that prefers a bag of gold, a puff of honour, a fit of transient pleasure, before the everlasting riches, glory and joys of the kingdom of heaven? No man wonders that a mad-man unadvisedly kills another; and if he did it advisedly and of set purpose, yet it being causelessly and disadvantageously to himself, he is reputed no less mad. How notoriously mad then are those that, to their own eternal damnation, depopulate countries, sack cities, subvert kingdoms, and not only martyr the bodies of the pious and righteous, but murder
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the souls of others, whom by fraud or violence they pollute with idolatrous and impious practices; and all this for that gaudy bauble of ambition, and a high conceit of *one universal spiritual monarch*, that ought to wallow in wealth, and tumble in all the fleshly and sensual delights of this present world? Wherefore, to speak my judgment freely, Hylobares, seeing that there would be such abundance of men *mad* and *foolish* and *wicked* according to the *ordinary guise* of the world, it does not mis-beseem the *goodness* of *Providence* to anticipate this growing degeneracy in some few, by making them *fools* and *mad-men* as it were by *birth* or *fate*: that folly and madness being represented to the sons of men, in a more unusual disguise, by hooting at it, they may do that piece of justice as to reproach themselves thereby, who are upon their *own cost* and *charges* more reprehensibly wicked than they that never came within any capacity of being virtuous, (if there be any such) and more outrageously mad and abominably sottish in the eyes of him that can judge rightly, than any natural fool or bedlam; or rather, that using that seasonable reflection which Plato somewhere commends upon the consideration of the ill carriage of others, ἥπτε ἄρ' ἐγὼ

τοῖς τῷ, they may find by such analogies as I have hinted at, that they are far worse fools and madmen than are hooted at in the streets, and so for very shame amend their lives, and become truly wise and virtuous. For what can be more effectual for the raising an horror and detestation of what is ugly and dishonest in ourselves, than the reflexion, that what we so abhor in others is more in ourselves both as to degrees and other circumstances; and that whereas others may seem an object of *pity*, ourselves deserve the highest *reproof* and *scorn*.

XV. The best use to be made of the saddest scene of the things of this world.

So that you see, Hylobares, that even in these pieces of providence that seem most forlorn, most dark and desperate, a very comfortable account of the *Divine goodness* does unexpectedly emerge and shine forth. Which would still clear up into a more full satisfaction, the more leisure and ability we had to search into things. But if you cannot keep your eye from being fixed on the *black side* of *Providence* rather than on the *bright side* thereof, and must ruminate on the particular evils of plagues and pestilences, of war and famine, of devouring earthquakes,
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of that cruel and savage custom of both birds, beasts and fishes, in preying and feeding one upon another, which is a shadow of the most outrageous violence and iniquity imaginable; if you will melancholize your fancy with the remembrance of the groans of the maimed and sick, the dread of ravenous beasts and poisonous serpents, the destroying rage of the elements, the outrageousness of the distracted, and the forlornness and desolateness of that forsaken habitacle, the body of a natural fool, (whom therefore we most usually call a *mere body*;) this consideration also has its grand use, and it is fit that so sunk a condition of mankind as this terrestrial life is, should be charged with such a competency of tragical fatalities, as to make the considerate seriously to bethink himself of a better state, and recount with himself if he be not, as they say, in a wrong box, if he be not stray'd from his native country, and therefore, as the *Platonists* exhort, *φύγειν ἐντεῦθεν*, if he ought not seriously to meditate a return, and to die betimes to this world, that death at last striking off the fetters of this mortal body, the soul may emerge far above the steam of this region of *misery* and *sin*. *ὁ praeclarum diem, cum ad divinum illud animorum*
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concilium coetumque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba ac colluvione discedam!

Euiſt. It is part of that excellent ſpeech of *Cato* to *Scipio* and *Laelius*. What ſay you now, *Hylobares*, to *Philotheus* his aſſoiling theſe your laſt and moſt puzzling and confounding difficulties about *natural evils*?

XVI. How the entrance of ſin into the world can conſiſt with the goodneſs of Providence.

Hyl. I ſay *Philotheus* diſcourſes excellently well, *Euiſtor*, and beyond my expectation. And I cannot deny but that there being ſuch a lapſed ſtate of mankind, that Providence upon this ſuppoſition does manage things to the beſt even in thoſe *phaenomena* we call *natural evils*; and that the frame of things, taking them in their full comprehension, could ſcarce be better, ſo far as my underſtanding reaches, than it is. But the greateſt difficulty of all remains touching this *ſinful lapſe*, (which is the ſecond head of evils I had in my thoughts to propoſe to *Philotheus*) That Providence ſhould ever ſuffer ſo *abominable*, ſo *diabolical* and deſtructive a thing as *ſin* ever to appear on this ſtage of the univerſe: a thing that has brought in ſuch a tragical train of miſeries upon us, and is in itſelf ſo *deſteſtable* and *hateful* both to
God

God and man. I know not how to make sense of these things.

Cuph. I am even glad at heart to see Hylobares so much puzzled with this difficulty, it giving me the opportunity, with Philotheus his leave, to raise him into as high a pleasure by the agreeableness and perspicuity of the solution. And, methinks, I find upon me a very great *impetus* of spirit to do him this friendly office.

Philoth. I pray you proceed then, Cuphophron; I hope your success will be the better.

Cuph. That I shall do right willingly: For I hold it a matter of great importance, that mankind have a right understanding of one another's actions and manners, and that they be not over-harshly censorious, and think every thing *infernal* and *diabolical* that is not in so high a degree good as the rest. For my purpose is, O Philopolis, to clear unto the world such principles as may sweeten the passions of men, or excite in them only the *sweet passions*, and take off all anger, hatred, and indignation against their mutual carriages; that seeing so little hurt done or meant, they may live quietly and neighbourly one with another.

Philop. That is an excellent plot, O Cupho-

Cuphophon, and very advantageous to as many of us justices of peace, as desire to get as much time as we can to bestow upon the more profitable parts of philosophy. But I would rightly understand this plot of yours.

Cuph. I perceive Hylobares (which is a symptom of his great sense of virtue) looks upon that which we ordinarily call *sin* or *wickedness*, to have such an *essential* and *infernal* poison and *hellish* perverseness in it, so *abominable* and *detestable*, and so contrary and repugnant to the nature of God, that it seems a contradiction that they should both coexist in the world together, but that the wrath of the Almighty ought to have thunder-struck or stifled so horrid a monster in the very birth, not only by reason of those natural evils it unavoidably brings upon mankind, but even for its own *diabolical ugliness* and *detestableness*. But for my part, gentlemen, I commend his zeal more than his judgment, in his adhering to so groundless an imagination.

Soph. I wish, Cuphophon, you beginning so daringly, that your *judgment* do not prove as little as your *zeal*. You are such an extoller of the *sweet passions*, and so professed an enemy to those more grim
and

and severe ones, that I fear, to bid adieu to them for the milder repose of our minds, you will persuade us to shake hands and be friends with sin itself.

Cuph. You know not what I would, Sophron, nor I scarce myself; but something I am very big of, and desire your assistance or patience in my delivering of myself of it.

Hyl. I pray you let it be neatly then, and a cleanly conveyance, O Cuphophron.

XVII. Cuphophron's lunatick apology, whereby he would extenuate the hainousness of sin.

Cuph. It shall be very dry and clean. For it shall be only a disquisition touching the *mere nature of sin and wickedness*, in what it consists: Whence we shall make the duest estimate of the poison of its condition. And I wish my breath may be as grateful and agreeable to your ears, as this fresh evening-air, wafted through the sides of my arbour, and steeped in the cooling beams of the moist moon, (whose strained light through the shadow of the leaves begins to cast a tremulous chequer-work on the table, our clothes and faces) is delightful and comfortable to my heated temples.

Philop. It begins indeed to be late of the night, Cuphophron, but it is not the less pleasant to continue our discourse in
this

this chequer'd moon-shine, especially you having thus raised our expectations. Wherefore I pray you proceed.

Cuph. In my judgment no man has so luckily pointed at the true nature of wickedness as *Mercurius Trismegistus*, in that short saying, 'Η κακία σύμφυτος τοῖς Ἰνστοις, That wickedness is connate or natural to beasts. Which yet I am so far from believing in that sense the words sound in, that I hold it incompetible to them. But rather, as that mirror of wisdom, *Moses*, has defined in his law, when the leprosy is all over a man, no part untainted, that he is to be reputed as clean; so brutes, who are constituted only of sense and the animal affections, without any participation of an higher principle, they are incapable of sin. And if there were any rational animals, be they in what shape they will, from the sight of whose minds that higher principle was ever excluded fatally and naturally, they would be as the *Mosaical* leper, or rather as an ordinary brute, devoid both of sin and conscience, relishing only the laws of the animal life: wherein when we have considered how much there is of the Divine wisdom and goodness that contrived them,

we

we shall not have so venomous a conceit concerning the creation of God, or be cast upon *Manicheism* or *Gnosticism*, fancying the sign of the Devil's paw, or scenting the sulphur of hell in every thing as strongly as the bishop's foot in milk burnt to the skillet bottom.

Nay, I may say that those mysterious depths of Satan which the theosophers so diligently discover, such as are *ipseity*, *egoity*, or *selfishness*, it is nothing else but that sovereign or radical principle in the *animal life*, which is *self-love*. Of which if there be no necessity in nature that it should be, (as indeed we see sometimes the affections of creatures to be carried out so to others that they forget themselves) yet it was fit for Divine Providence to settle this principle in them all, That every thing should love itself very heartily and provide for itself; as the roots of trees without all scruple draw to themselves all the nourishment they are capable of, not regarding what tree withers, so they flourish, in which notwithstanding there is nothing of either Devil or sin.

But now that Providence did very well in implanting so smart a *self-love* in every animal, is manifest. For those more notable functions of the animal life, such as

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depend

depend on strength and agility, craft and sagacity, could not be exercised to any considerable degree without this principle. A crow would not have the heart to pick at a worm, nor a swallow to snatch at a fly. And there is the same reason for those more notable and industrious insidations of other stronger and more crafty creatures that hunt after their prey. Besides, every animal in respect of itself has in some sense or measure a resemblance of that Divine attribute of *Omnipresence*; for be it where it will, it cannot leave itself behind. Wherefore it is fit it should be endowed with this great love and care of itself, being in a more constant readiness to pleasure, help and provide for itself than for another. Lastly, it is a thing unimaginable, unless brutes were endowed with intellectual faculties, (and then they would be no longer brutes) that they should be able to have so free and reflexive cogitations, as to seek the improvement and live in the sense of the publick good. And if their thoughts and fancies were always taken up or gadding after the welfare of others, the height of life and joy in every one would much be diminished and obscured. For fancy is far weaker than the present sense of the body: And
if

if you would have it any thing strong, how calamitous must the lives of these animals be, who must die, must be maimed and suffer mischief, as often as any of their fellow-animals suffer any of these things? Wherefore it is better for the whole generations of brute animals, that every one love and regard itself, than that they be all distracted and tortured with ineffectual thoughts concerning the welfare of others. We see therefore, O *Philopolis*, the wisdom and benignity of Providence, that has so firmly engrafted this principle of *self-love*, the root of undisturbed joy and of self-preservation, in the *animal life*. From whence is also in animals that eminent love of their young, and their kindness and tameness to them that feed them. And for those passions in animals that look more grimly and infernally on't, or at least seem to have a more nauseous and abominable aspect, as *wrath*, *envy*, *pride*, *lust*, and the like, they are but the branches or modifications of this one primitive and fundamental passion, *self-love*. For what is *wrath*, but self-love edged and strengthened for the fending off the assaults of evil? What *envy*, but self-love grieved at the sense of its own want, discovered and aggravated by the fulness of another's

enjoyment? What *pride*, but self-love partly desiring to be the best or to be approved for the best, and partly triumphing and glorying that it is now become none of the meanest? And, lastly, what is *lust*, but self-love seeking its own high delight and satisfaction in the use of venery?

These are the main mishapen spawn of that monstrous fiend; that deeply couched dragon of hell, *self-love*; which if we eye more accurately, we shall find as necessary and useful in the *animal* life as the mother that bears them. For as for *wrath*, and also *craft*, (which I forgot to mention before) it is plain they are as unblameable in beasts as prudence and valour in men. And for *pride* and *gloriation*, it is but a natural spur to quicken their animal powers, or but the overflowing of that tickling sense they have of those perfections nature has bestowed upon them; and shews how mightily well-pleased they are with them, and what thankful witnesses they are of that goodness and wisdom that framed them. And for *lust*, who dare blame it in the brute creature, there being distinction of sexes, fitness of organs, and sufficiency of spirits prepared by the Divine Wisdom in nature for it? Besides that it is one of the most important acts, as well as accom-

compained with the greatest and most enravishing joy that the *animal* life will afford. A matter of that consequence, that the generations of living creatures would cease to be without it; and the sun and moon be constrained once again to shine on an empty earth; and the shadows of the trees to shelter nothing but either the trees themselves, or the neighbouring herbs and flowers. That which looks most like a fury of all this litter is *envy*; which as bad as it is, yet methinks *Aristotle* flanders it, whiles he would make it such a passion as was not raised from the sense of our own want, but merely out of the sense of another's good, without reference to ourselves; which for my part I look upon to be such a monster as I suspect is scarce to be found in the regions of hell.

Philop. That's a marvellous charitable conceit of your's, Cuphophron.

Cuph. But that *envy* that is, O *Philopolis*, is a genuine result of the animal life, and more usually in a passive melancholick spirit, and is a grief arising from the sense of our want discovered, as I said, and set off more stingingly to us by the more flush and full representations of another's happiness. But that there should be any more wickedness in grief than in joy,

or in pain than in pleasure, is a thing my understanding cannot reach to. For then repentance itself would be a sin.

Sophr. 'Tis well you pass so favourable a censure on those more *sowr passions*, O Cuphophron; I thought you had been only for the *sweet affections*.

Cuph. It is in virtue of the *sweet affections*, O Sophron, that I speak so favourably of the *sowr*. But to tell you the truth, I had rather give them good words at a distance, than to receive them into my house, or entertain any more *inward familiarity* with them. To my peculiar temper they are but harsh guests.

Sophr. I have but interrupted you, Cuphophron, I pray you go on.

Cuph. Wherefore we conclude that no branch of the *animal* life is simply *sinful*, *poisonous* or *diabolical*, they being really the contrivances of the good and wise God in the frame of nature, or else the necessary sequels of such contrivances. And that therefore those men that are so strongly enveagled in the pleasures and allurements of this lower life are rather lapsed into that which is *less good*, than detained in that which is *absolutely evil*. And it is but a perpetual gullery and mistake, while they are so hugely taken with so small matters,
they

they being in the condition, as I may so say, of children and fools, of whom it is observed, *that a small thing will please them*: tho' it be a doubt whether these things be so small and contemptible, if that be true that the divines of philosophers have asserted, that the whole world and the parts thereof are but so many symbols and sacraments of the Deity; every thing being either εἰκὼν, εἰδωλον, or ἵχνιον Θεῶν, some more perfect *image*, or at least some *picture*, *shadow*, or *footstep* of the *Divinity*. Upon which if our eyes be stayed and our affections entangled, as it is a real testimony of our approvement of the excellency of the Archetype, so are we in some meaner sort religious, we adoring thus and doting upon these congruous gratifications we receive from these particular shadows of that perfect good, until we are called up to an higher participation of him. But that even those that seem to fly from God seek after him in some sort, is apparently necessary, there being nothing but *himself*, or *what is from him*, in the world: otherwise he could not be that absolutely-perfect good, whose *goodness*, *wisdom* and *power* fills all things. And I think there is no perceptive being in the whole universe so estranged from its original,

nal, but it is either courting or enjoying these or some of these attributes in some rank and measure or other, they ever trying and proving what they can do in matters of either *pleasure, wit, or dominion*. And the sincere and undistracted fruition of any one part of any of these has so mightily taken up the minds of some men in complexion fitly framed for such delights, that they have sacrificed even their lives, liberties and fortunes, to these slighter glimpses of the great Godhead, whom they thus unwittingly and unskilfully seek to adore, and so become in a sort religious martyrs for a *part*, which they that make profession of their love and honour of the *entire* Diety seldom are persuaded to undergo.

Now sith it is something of God that the minds of all spirits (even of those that seem to be in actual rebellion against him) are set after, it is a very hard thing to find out how he should look upon himself as disesteemed, whenas all the creatures are mad after something or other of his, most religiously prizing it even above their own beings. For it is only their ridiculous mistake to cleave to that which is of less worth and moment, and therefore deserves laughter and pity more than fury and revenge.

Not

Not to add what a childish and idiotick conceit it is, to fancy God in the similitude of some aged tetrical person, impatient of and obnoxious to affronts and injuries; when neither any can be really done him, nor any is intended against him; but men out of a debasing modesty or laziness of spirit take up with smaller good things, when they may be more welcome to greater. Which solution as it may well satisfy Hylobares touching his query, Why God almighty did not at the first appearance of sin straightway with sulphurous thunderbolts strike it dead upon the spot; so it may be also an excellent antidote against the rage of the more grim and severe passions, mitigate the harshnesses of several disgusts in human life, and generally *sweeten* the conversation of men one with another.

XVIII. A solid answer to the foregoing apology, though ushered in with something a ludicrous preamble.

Hyl. Sweet Cuphophron and mellifluous, young *Nestor* in eloquence, that hast conceived such raised notions from the wafts of the evening-air and the chequered moon-shine, whose tongue is thus bedew'd with bewitching speech from the roscid lips and nectarine kisses of thy silver-faced *Cynthia*! But dost thou think thus to drown
our

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our sense of solid reason by the rapid stream or torrent of thy turgid eloquence? No, Cuphophron, no: one touch of right reason will so prick the tumour of thy brain thus blown up by the percribrated influence of thy moist mistress, the moon, that these notions that look now so fair and plump, shall appear as lank and scran-nel as a calf that sucks his dame through an hurdle; and all thy pretences to right ratiocination shall be discovered as vain and frivolous as the idlest dream of *Endymion*.

Sophr. In the name of God, what do you mean, Hylobares, to answer so phantastically in so serious a cause?

Hyl. Did not he begin thus, O Sophron? I only answer my phantastick friend according to his own phantastry. Which yet you may observe I have done very hobblingly, it being out of my road. But yet the sense is very serious and in earnest, viz. that it is a kind of *lunacy*, not *reason*, that reigns thus turgidly in Cuphophron's copious harangue; that is, in brief, he seems in this rapture, be it from what influence it will, to be *wittily* and *eloquently mad*.

Sophr. Nay, if you mean no otherwise than so, 'tis well enough; but it beginning to be late, it had been better expressed in
shorter

shorter terms. And I pray you, Hylobares, since you think Cuphophron mad, make him sober by discovering to him his deliration.

Hyl. I hope I shall very briefly discover it to the rest, but I know not how far he may be in love with his own lunacy. That there is no poison nor harm in any of the animal functions or passions, I easily grant him, and it may be the least in the sweetest. For I was before convinced by Philotheus that there is nothing substantially evil in the world. But it is immensely manifest, that those things that are good in themselves, yet by misapplication or disproportion may cause that which is unsufferably naught. As in a musical instrument whose strings are good and the stick good, yet if they be touch'd upon when they are out of tune, what more harsh and intolerable? And so may the exercise of the animal functions or passions, tho' good in themselves, yet if they be either set too high, or exercised upon undue objects or in unfitting circumstances, become very nauseously evil. To spit is one of the animal functions, good and useful in itself, and to spit into the mouth of a dog and clap him on the back for encouragement, is not indecorous for the man, and grateful

ful also to the dog: but if any one had gone about to spit into Cuphophron's mouth, and clap him on the back to encourage him in that rapturous oration he made, he would have thought it an intolerable absurd thing, and by no means to be suffered.

Cuph. Why, so far as I see, Hylobares, that was needless; you making as if dame *Cynthia*, alias *Diana*, had spit into my mouth already, and clapt me on the back, as one of her hunting dogs, and so put me into this loose rhetorical career.

Hyl. Something like it, Cuphophron, it may be. But now you are out of this career, how do you like this instance of the exercise of the *animal* functions, that men and women should stale and dung (like mares and horses in a stable) in any room or company they came into? It is something a coarse question, Cuphophron, but very substantially to our purpose.

Cuph. That's stinkingly naught, Hylobares.

Hyl. But they then but exercise their *animal* functions. And were that quicker sense revived in us whereby we discern *moral* good and evil; adultery, drunkenness, murder, fraud, extortion, perfidiousness, and the like, all these would have infinitely a worse scent to our souls, than
this

this which you say is so stinkingly evil can have to our noses. And yet in all these things there is nothing but an *undue use* of the *animal faculties*. And forasmuch as *order* and *proportion* and the right *congruity* of things are those things in the world which are the most *intellectual* and *divine*, the confounding and opposing of these must be the greatest *opposition* and *contradiction* that can be made or devised against the *Divine Intellect* or *eternal Godhead*. For altho' the faculties of the soul of man be but gradually differenced as to goodness, that is to say, that some of them are better than other some, others only less good: yet the *incongruity* and *disproportionateness* of the use of them are *diametrically opposite* to the *congruity* and *proportionateness* of their use, and have the greatest *contrariety* that can be betwixt *good* and *evil*; and are really such, the one *good*, the other *evil*, not a less good only.

Sophr. Excellently well argued, Hylobares! and it was as seasonably intimated at first, That there is a *sense* in a man, if it were awakened, to which these *moral incongruities* are as harsh and displeasing as any incongruous object, be it never so nauseous, is to the outward senses. But a mere *notional* or *imaginary* apprehension or con-

ception of these *moral* congruities and incongruities does not reach that due *antipathy* we ought to have against sin and wickedness: whereby also we do more lively understand how contrary and repugnant they are to the will of God. But besides this fallacy in general, Hylobares, there were several particular passages, in my mind, very rash and unsound; but especially that, which makes our inordinate adhesion to some parts of the creation a religious worship or service of God.

Bath. There may be some shew of wit in such like conceits and expressions; but undoubtedly, O Sophron, such exorbitant adhesions to the creature is so far from being the *due worship* of God, that it is *down-right idolatry*. For neither the whole creature nor part is God himself. And therefore to love them more highly and affect them more devoutly than the pure Godhead, that is to say, to love them *most of all*, is to do that honour to them which is only due to God. Which is to play the Idolater.

Sophr. That is very true, Bathynous, and the same that the apostle glances at, when he calls covetousness *Idolatry*.

Bath. That also, O Sophron, is very perversly and unplatonically done of Cuphron,

phosphron, that, whereas the *Platonists* from that notion of things having some similitude or at least some shadow of the Divinity in them, would draw men off from the doting on these meaner objects, that they might approach nearer the pure and essential fountain of these more minute delights, and enjoy them there more fully and beatifically; he by a strange, rapturous rhetorick and perverted ratiocination, would charm them in the present enjoyment of these smaller perfections, and fix them down to that, which ought only to be a *footstool* to stand upon to *reach higher*.

Philop. Gentlemen, altho' the wit and eloquence of Cuphophon's harangue is indeed notable, and your opposing so diligently the ill consequences of his enthusiastick rhetorick very commendable: yet I must crave leave to profess, that I take his sophistry to be so conspicuous, that I think it not needful for any-body more operosely to confute it. I believe it was only a sudden rapture, a blast that came with this evening-air, and will be blown over again with the morning-wind, and this influence of the moon dried quite up by the greater heat and warmth of the next meridian sun.

Cuph. Indeed, Philopolis, it was a very

ry sweet waft, and smelt wonderful odoriferously of the eglantines and honey-suckles. But if it be not so salutiferous, I wholly submit it to your severer judgments.

XIX. A more sober enquiry into that difficulty, How the permission of sin in the world can consist with the goodness of God.

Hyl. In the mean time I am quite at a loss for satisfaction touching the weightiest difficulty I have yet propounded, *viz.* How it can be consistent with the nature of God, who is goodness itself, to permit sin in the world, if it be so real an evil, and not only a *less good*, as Cuphophron's inspired muse, like a bird of Athens, has so loudly sung to us this moon-shine night.

Philop. I pray you Hylobares, make your address to Philotheus: you know how successful he has been hitherto.

Philoth. If that would quiet your mind, Hylobares, I could indulge to you so far as to give you leave to think that, altho' sin be in itself absolutely evil, (as being an *incongruity* or *disproportionality* only betwixt things, not the things themselves, for all things are good in their degree) yet the *motions*, *ends* or *objects* of sinful actions are at least some lesser good: which I charitably conceive may be all that Cuphophron aimed at in that enthusiastick hurricane

hurricane he was carried away with, and all that he will stand to upon more deliberate thoughts with himself.

Cuph. Yes, I believe it will be thereabout to-morrow morning, after I have slept upon't. And I return you many thanks, Philotheus, for your candid interpretation.

Philoth. But methinks the question is in a manner as nice, Why God should suffer any creature to chuse the *less* good for the *greater*, as permit him to sin. For this seems not according to the exactness of a perfectly-benign Providence.

Hyl. You say right, Philotheus; and therefore if you could but clear that point, I believe it will go far for the clearing all.

Philoth. Why, this scruple, Hylobares, concerning the *souls* of *men*, is much-what the same (if not something easier) with that concerning the *bodies* of both *men* and *beasts*. For the Omnipotency of God could keep them from diseases and death itself, if need were. Why therefore are they subject to diseases, but that the wisdom of God in the contrivance of their bodies will act only according to the capacity of corporeal matter; and that he intends the world should be an *automaton*, a self-moving *machina* or engine, that he will not perpetually tamper with by his absolute

Y 3 power,

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power, but leave things to run on according to that course which he has put in nature? For it is also the perfection of his work to be in some sort like its artificer, independent; which is a greater specimen of his wisdom.

XX. The first attempt of satisfying the difficulty, from that stoical Position of the invincible freedom of man's will.

Hyl. But you should also shew that his *goodness* was not excluded the consultation, O Philotheus.

Philoth. No more is it, so far as there is a capacity of its coming in, for any thing that human reason can assure itself to the contrary. For let me first puzzle you, *Hylobares*, with that position of the Stoicks, That the mind of man is as free as Jupiter himself, as they rant it in their language, and that he cannot compel our will to any thing, but whatever we take to must be from our own free principle, nothing being able to deal with us without ourselves: As a man that is fallen into a deep ditch, if he will not so much as give his fellow his hand, he cannot pull him out. Nor may this seem more incongruous or inconsistent with the omnipotency of God, than that he cannot make a square whose diagonal is

is commensurate to the side, or a finite body that has no figure at all. For these are either the very essence or the essential consequences of the things spoken of, and it implies a contradiction they should exist without them. So we will for dispute sake affirm, that liberty of will is an essential property of the soul of man, and can no more be taken from her, than the proper affections of a geometrical figure from the figure; unless she once determine, or in-trangle herself in *fate*, which she cannot do but of herself, or else fix herself above *fate*, and fully incorporate with the *simple good*. For, to speak *Pythagorically*, the spirits of men and of all the fallen angels are as an *Isoceles* betwixt the *Isopleuron* and *Scalenum*, not so ordinate a figure as the one, nor so inordinate as the other; so these spirits of men and angels are a middle betwixt the more pure and intellectual spirits incapable of falling from, and the souls of beasts incapable of rising to the participation of divine happiness. Wherefore if you take away this vertible principle in man, you would make him therewithal of another *species*, either a *perfect beast*, or a *pure intellect*.

Hyl. This opinion of the Stoicks is worth our farther considering of. But in the mean
time

time why might not man have been made a pure intelligence at first?

Philoth. Why should he so, Hylobares, sith the creation of this middle order makes the numbers of the pure intellectual orders never the fewer? Not to add, that your demand is as absurd as if you should ask why every flie is not made a swallow, every swallow an eagle, and every eagle an angel, because an angel is better than any of the other creatures I named. There is a *gradual descension* of the *divine fecundity* in the creation of the world.

Hyl. This is notable, Philotheus, and unexpected. But were it not better that God Almighty should annihilate the individuals of this *middle vertible order*, as you call it, so soon as they lapse into sin, than let such an *ugly deformity* emerge in the creation?

Philoth. This is a weighty question, Hylobares; but yet such as, I hope, we both may ease ourselves of, if we consider how unbecoming it would be to the wisdom of God to be so over-shot in the contrivance of the creation, as that he must be ever and anon enforced to annihilate some part of it, as being at a loss what else to do, and if they should all lapse, to annihilate them all.

Hyl.

Hyl. Why? he might create new in a moment, Philotheus.

Philoth. But however these would be very violent and harsh, tho' but short, *chasma's* in the standing creation of God. I appeal to your own sense, Hylobares, would that look handsomely?

Hyl. I know not what to think of it. Besides, if that were true that some philosophers contend for, that all the whole creation, as well particular souls and spirits as the matter and universal spirit of the world, be from God by necessary emanation, this *middle vertible order* can never be turned out of being. But that the stability of God's nature and actions should not be according to the most exquisite wisdom and goodness, would be to me the greatest paradox of all.

Philoth. Why, who knows but that it is better for them to exist, tho' in this lapsed state, and better also for the universe, that so they may be left to toy and revel in the slightest and obscurest shadows of the Divine fulness, than to be suddenly annihilated upon their first lapse or transgression? For to be taken up with a less good is better than to be exiled out of being, and to enjoy no good at all.

Hyl. That it is better for them is plain according to the opinion of all Metaphysicians

cians: but how is it better for the universe, Philotheus?

Philoth. How do you know but that it is as good for the universe, computing all respects, if it be not better? And that is sufficient. For man is betwixt the intellectual orders and the beasts, as a *Zoophyton* betwixt the beasts and the plants. I demand therefore, if the *Zoophyta* some of them should degenerate into mere plants, while others emerge into the condition of animals, and so they should ever and anon be ascending and descending, what great hurt were done: what contradiction to the Divine *goodness* would there be in this?

Hyl. I confess, Philotheus, I see no great hurt in that.

Philoth. Man therefore being of such a mixt nature, and of so invincible a freeness, that he may either associate himself with angels, or sort himself with apes and baboons or satyrs of the wood, what more hurt is there, he so doing, than that there are apes and baboons already? and who can tell just how many there ought to be of any of those orders; or why there must be just so many orders of apes or satyrs, and no more?

Hyl. I must confess it were a rash charge against Providence on this account, and
hard

hard to prove but that it is indifferent, as touching individuals of this or that order, to have some thousands more or some thousands less, it may be myriads, and yet the good of the universe much-what alike concerned in either number. And there is the same reason proportionally touching the number of the orders themselves. Such variations as these, 'tis likely, may not bear so great stress with them, as to force God to betake himself to that extremest of remedies, *annihilation*.

XXI. The second attempt, from the consideration of some high abuses of a vincible freedom, as also from the nature of this freedom itself.

Philoth. But now in the second place, Hylobares, supposing mankind of a vincible freeness or liberty of will; what, would you have God administer some such powerful *philtrum* to all of them, that he might even force their affections towards those more precious emanations of himself which are properly called divine?

Hyl. Yes, Philotheus, I would.

Philoth. But I much question how this will always consist with the Divine Justice. For I think it as incongruous that the *Divine goodness* should always act according to the *simplicity* of its own nature; as it is unnatural for the beams of the sun to be reverberated to our eyes from several

ral bodies variously surfaced in the same form of light, and not to put on the face of divers colours, such as yellow, green, red, purple, and the like. For as the various superficies of bodies naturally causes such a diversification of pure light, and changes it into the form of this or that colour; so the variety of objects the Divine goodness looks upon does rightfully require a certain modification and figuration of herself into sundry forms and shapes, (as I may so call them) of vengeance, of severity, of justice, of mercy, and the like. This therefore is the thing I contend for, that free agents, such as men and angels, may so behave themselves in the sight of God, that they will become such objects of his goodness, that it cannot be duly and rightfully expected that it should act according to its pure and proper benign form, dealing gently and kindly with all the tenderness that may be with the party it acts upon; but it must step forth in some of those more fierce and grim forms, (I speak after the manner of men) such as *vengeance* and *justice*. And I will now put a case very accommodately to our own faculties. Suppose some virtuous and beautiful virgin, royally descended and princely attired, who, venturing too far into the solitary

litary fields or woods, should be light upon by some rude wretch, who, first having satisfied his lustful desires upon her by a beastly rape, should afterwards most barbarously and despightfully use her, haling her up and down by the hair of the head, soiling her sacred body by dragging her thro' miry ditches and dirty plashe of water, and tearing her tender skin upon briars and brambles, whiles in the mean time some knight-errant or man of honour and virtue (but of as much benignity of spirit as God can communicate to human nature without hypostatical union) is passing by that way, and discerneth with his astonished eyes this abhorred spectacle: I now appeal to your own sense and reason, Hylobares, whether it be enough for that *heros* to rescue this distressed virgin from the abominable injury of this villain, and to secure her from any farther harm; or whether there ought not to be added also some exquisite torture and shameful punishment worthy so hainous a fact, and proportionable to the just indignation any noble spirit would conceive against so villainous a crime, tho' neither the wronged person nor punished party were at all bettered by it.

Hyl. For my part, Philotheus, I should be in so high a rage against the villain, if

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I were

I were on the spot, that I should scarce have the discretion how to deliberate to punish him so exquisitely as he deserved; but in my present fury should hew him a-pieces as small as herbs to the pot. I should cut him all into mammoicks, Philotheus.

Philoth. Wherefore, Hylobares, you cannot but confess that *goodness* itself in some circumstances may very justly and becomingly be sharpened into *revenge*: which must be still the less incongruous, in that the *revenge* is in the behalf of *injured goodness*, tho' she get nothing thereby but that she is revenged.

Euist. To this case that notion of *punishment* appertains which the Greeks call τιμωρία, as *Gellius* † observes; which nothing concerns the reformation or amendment of the punished, but only the honour of the injured or offended.

Philoth. Right Euistor. But in the mean time it is manifest from hence, as I was making inference to Hylobares, that the Divine Goodness may step forth into anger and revenge, and yet the principle of such actions may be the very Goodness itself. Which therefore we contend is still (notwithstanding that evil which may seem to be in the world) the measure of all
God's

† Noët. Att. 1. 6. c. 14.

God's works of providence, even when *sin is punished with sin*, and men are suffered to degenerate into Baboons and beasts.

Hyl. I grant to you, Philotheus, that a man may behave himself so, as that all that you affirm may be true, and that even the highest *severity* may have no other fountain than *goodness*. But where *goodness* is omnipotent, as it is in God, how can it consist therewith not to prevent all occasions of severity and revenge, by keeping his creature within the bounds of his own laws, and by communicating to all men and angels such an irresistible measure of grace, that they could never have possibly been disobedient to him?

Philoth. To this, Hylobares, I answer, That God having made a free creature, (and it is impossible to prove he did amiss in making it) Omnipotency itself (if I may speak it with reverence) is not able to keep off certain unavoidable respects or congruities it bears to the divine attributes: As it is a thing utterly unimaginable that even the eternal Intellect of God should be able to produce a finite number that did not bear a certain proportion to some other finite number first given. This free creature therefore now made, necessarily faces the several attributes of God with sundry

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respects.

respects. And this native freedom in it challenges of his Wisdom, that she shew her best skill in dealing with a creature that is free with as little violence done to its nature as may be. Which we see the Wisdom of God has practised upon matter, as I noted a while ago. And yet the defacement of rightly-organized matter is as real an entrenchment upon or opposition of what is intellectual or divine, (I mean the divine *Idea's* themselves) as vice or immorality. As the divine Wisdom therefore forces not the terrestrial matter beyond the bounds of its own natural capacity, to fend all animals bodies from diseases and death; no more should the divine Goodness universally in *all* free creatures *irresistibly* prevent the use of their own nature. And therefore being free, they ought, according to the congruity of their condition, be put to the trial what they will do. And if the miscarriage be upon very strong temptations that did even almost overpower the strength of the free creature, this state of the case is a meet object of the *Mercy* of God. But if it have strength enough, and has been often and earnestly invited to keep close to and to pursue after those things that are best, and yet perpetually flights them and shuffles
 them

them off, the party thus offending is a congruous object of the divine *sight* and *scorn*; and it is but just that such an one be left to follow his own swindle, and to find such a fate as attends such wild courses. For it seems a kind of disparagement, to pin virtue and divine grace upon the sleeves of them that are unwilling to receive it. It would be as unseemly as the forcing of a rich, beautiful and virtuous bride upon some poor slouching clown, whether he would or no.

Hyl. But God may make them willing.

Philoth. That is, Hyiobares, you may give the clown a *philtrum* or *love-potion*. But is not this still a great disparagement to the Bride? Wherefore for the general it is fit, that God should deal with free creatures according to the freedom of their nature: but yet, rather than all should go to ruin, I do not see any incongruity but that God may as it were lay violent hands upon some, and pull them out of the fire, and make them potent, tho' not irresistible, instruments of pulling others out also. This is that election of God for whom it was impossible to fall, as it is also morally impossible for others that have arrived to a due pitch of the divine life. But for those that still voluntarily persist to run on in a

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rebellious way against God and the light that is set before them, and at last grow so crusted in their wickedness, that they turn professed enemies of God and goodness, scoff at Divine Providence, riot and lord it in the world, with the contempt of religion and the abuse and persecution of them that profess it; that out of the stubborn blindness of their own hearts, being given up to covetousness, pride and sensuality, vex and afflict the conscientious with abominable tyranny and cruelty; I think it is plain that these are a very suitable object for *divine fury* and *vengeance*, that sharp and severe modification of the *divine goodness*, to act upon.

Hyl. Truly this is very handsom, Philotheus, and pertinent, if not cogent.

XXII. The third and last, from the questionableness whether in compute of the whole there does not as much good redound to the univer. by God's permission of sin, as there would by his forcibly keeping it out.

Philoth. But lastly, Hylobares, tho' we should admit that the whole design of divine Providence is nothing else but the mere disburthening of his over-flowing goodness upon the whole creation, and that he does not stand upon the terms of justice and congruity, or any such punctilio's, (as some may be ready here to call them) but makes his *pure* goodness the measure

measure of his dealing with both men and angels; yet I say that it does not at all contradict, but that God may permit sin in the world, he having the privilege of bringing light out of darkness, and the nature of things being such, that the lessening of happiness in one is the advancement of it in another: as it is in the motion of bodies, what agitation one loses, is transferred upon another; or like the beams of the sun, that retunded from this body are received by another, and nothing is lost. So that in gross the goodness of God may be as fully derived upon the creation, tho' not so equally distributed to particular creatures, upon his permitting sin in the world, as if he did forcibly, and against the nature of free creatures, perpetually keep it out. This is that therefore that I would say, that the vices of the wicked intend and exercise the virtues of the just.

What would become of that noble indignation of mind that holy men conceive against wicked and blasphemous people, if there were neither wickedness nor blasphemy in the world? What would become of those enravishing virtues of humility, meekness, patience and forbearance, if there were no injuries amongst men? What had the godly whereupon to employ their

wit and abilities, if they had no enemies to grapple with? How would their faith be tried, if all things here below had been carried on in peace and righteousness and in the fear of God? How would their charity and sedulity be discovered in endeavouring to gain men to the true knowledge of God, if they were always found so to their hands? Terrestrial goodness would even grow sluggish and lethargical, if it were not sharpened and quickened by the *antiperistasis* of the general malignity of the world.

There are no generous spirits but would even desire to encounter with dangers and difficulties, to testify their love to the parties they are much endeared to; and it is an exceeding great accession to their enjoyments, that they have suffered so much for them. But if the world were not generally wicked for a time, no soul of man could meet with any such adventure, and the history of ages would be but a flat story. Day itself upon this earth would be tiresome, if it were always day, and we should lose those chearful salutes of the emerging light, the cool breathings and the pleasing aspects of the rosie morning. The joys and solemnities of victories and triumphs could never be, if there were no enemies

enemies to conflict with, to conquer and triumph over. And the stupendious undertakings of the Saviour of mankind, and the admirable windings of Providence in her dramattick plot which has been acting on this stage of the earth from the beginning of the world, had been all of them stopped and prevented, if the souls of men had not been lapsed into sin. And the sweetest and most enravishing musical touches upon the melancholized passions (so far as I know) of both men and angels had never sounded in the consort of the universe, if the orders of free agents had never played out of tune.

Nothing therefore of the Divine goodness seems to be lost, whenas the very corruption of it, as in a grain of corn cast into the ground, makes for its encrease; and what of it is rejected by some, is by the Wisdom of God so unavoidably conveyed upon others. But that it is best that all should partake alike of the overflowings of God, will, I think, be no less difficult to prove, than that all subordination of estates and conditions in the world should be taken away, and that God should not have created any of the more vile and contemptible kind of creatures, such as the worm, the flie, the frog, and the mouse.

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Wherefore it being so disputable a point, whether it be not in itself as good that there should be those that are rightly called evil and wicked in the world, as that there should be such and such viler or more mischievous creatures on the face of the earth, it is an unexcusable piece of rashness to conclude, that the permission of sin is any such argument against the goodness of that Providence that guideth all things. For why should she *generally* force or certainly determine the faculties of men that are naturally free, and so perpetually keep them off from acting of sin, whenas sin itself is so pompously led captive by the power of righteousness, and by the admirable Wisdom of God serves for the equal advancement of his intended Goodness?

Hyl. Your reason, or your zealous eloquence, or both of them jointly, strike so strongly upon my mind, O Philotheus, that I am, whether I will or no, constrained to look upon it as a desperate doubt or difficulty, and such as I never hope to be resolved of, Whether, considering the comprehension of all, God's permission of sin be more becoming his Goodness, or his perpetual forcible hindering thereof. And therefore the Goodness of divine Providence

vidence being so conspicuous in other things, I think I ought not to call it into question from matters that be so obscure, but to surmize the best.

Sophr. Excellently well inferr'd, Hylobares.

Hyl. But there are yet two scruples behind touching the circumstances of this permission that something gaul my mind, which if Philotheus please to free me of, I shall sleep the quieter this night.

Philoth. What are those scruples, Hylobares?

XXIII. How consistent it is with the goodness of Providence, that God does not suddenly make men holy so soon as they have an hearty mind to it.

Hyl. The one is, Why, tho' it may not prove worth the while for divine Omnipotency to prevent all sin in the world by absolutely determining the human faculties to the best objects, that yet, when these faculties of men are determined to the best objects, there should not appear a more palpable assistance of the Deity to make the ways of religion and godliness more easie and passable to poor toiling mortals, who are so pitifully tired and wearied out in their pious prosecutions, that they often forfeit not only the health of their bodies, but even the soundness of their minds, and are given over either to miserable moped-
ness

ness or distraction. The other in brief is, the external adversity of the just, and prosperity of the wicked. For in this God does not seem to assist the converted wills of men so favourably as he may.

Philoth. That it is an hard thing for us mortals, whose abode is in houses of clay, to arrive to any due pitch of purity and goodness, experience does so frequently witness, that it cannot be denied. But that this is no real blemish to the benignity of Providence, if a man look more narrowly into the nature of the thing, he may easily satisfy himself from manifold reasons. For, first, if we had any modesty in us, we may very well suspect that the pain and torture we undergo in the process of our regeneration, is but a just punishment of our former sins, in which they that stay the longest come out with the greatest sorrow and difficulty. 2. Besides, In other things we hold it not indecorous, that matters of greatest price should be purchased with answerable pains. For what has God given us several faculties for, but to employ them to the Improvement of our own good? 3. Again, By this means of God's acting according to our nature, not by his absolute power in some mighty and over-bearing miraculous way,

way, the acquisition of the holy life becomes a mystery, and men to the great gratification of one another record the method, and, as I may so say, the artificial process thereof. A thing of greater moment than the finding out the most sovereign elixir or the philosopher's stone.

4. The tiresomeness of the fight makes the victory more pleasant and sensible, and the continuance of the quarrel fixes more deeply upon our spirits an antipathy against sin; and the hardness we find in winding ourselves out of the bondage of wickedness, will more strongly establish us in the kingdom of virtue. 5. It is a meet trial

of our faith and sincerity, and entire affection to God. For when we perceive ourselves hold on notwithstanding all these combats and incumbrances, we are assured in ourselves that we are in good earnest, and that we shall at last obtain, if we faint not. 6. And that therefore we ought rather to examine our own sincerity, than accuse Providence. For if our love to

goodness be sincere, and not lazy and fantastical, it will hold out with patience; which virtue is exercised and increased by these present trials. 7. We are also to examine our faith and opinion concerning God's will and power, whether we

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think

think him as well willing as able to help all those that sincerely seek after him; which is essentially congruous to the Divine nature and goodness; and whether we believe that through his power we may be enabled to get the conquest over all the enormities of the animal life. And if we think God is not so good to his creature, let us consider whether we could serve the creature so, if we were in God's stead. If we could, it is the wickedness of our own nature that has thus infected the notion of God in us, and so our own evil spirit is our fury and devil that at last may chance to drive us into madness. If we could not deal thus ourselves, how foolish a thing is it not presently to collect, that we cannot be more benign than God, and that therefore the fault is in ourselves that we are no better? Moreover we are to consider, that clearness and serenity of mind is not to be had without the forsaking all manner of sin; and that if we hope otherwise, it is an indication of our own hypocrisy, that we would hold a league with both light and darkness at once. And therefore we see as touching religious distraction, that we ourselves may be the causes of it, and that it is but the just result of our own insincerity. But
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for down-right madness proceeding from melancholy, it is a natural disease, and respects the physician rather than either the philosopher or divine. 8. and lastly, The great desertions, dark privations, desperate temptations, enfeeblements of mind and body, or whatever other inconveniences, as they seem to be, occur in this process towards the due pitch of regeneration and newness of life, they very effectually and naturally make for that most precious and truest piece of piety, I mean humility; whereby the soul is so affected, that she very feelingly and sensibly acknowledges that all the good she does or knows is wholly from God her Maker, and that she is nothing of herself. Wherefore she is just to God, in attributing all to him; and mild and meek-hearted towards men, even to those that are yet out of the way, being conscious to herself, that the ordering of her ways is not from herself, but that God is her strength and the light of her paths. Wherefore there being such genuine advantages in this slow process of them that move towards what is truly good, and that congruity to our faculties, and to the nature of the things we seek after, it seems to me as unreasonable that God should use his absolute omnipotency

in making men good in a moment, so soon as they have a mind to be so, as to expect he should make the flowers suddenly start out of the earth in winter, or load the trees with autumnal fruit in spring.

XXIV. The parable of the Eremite and the Angel.

Euiſt. There's nothing can stand against the power of Philotheus his reasonings. This first was by far the more difficult probleme of the two, and how easily has he solved it? The other, which is the more ordinary, never seemed to me to have the least force in it, since I met with the story of the *Eremite* and the *Angel*.

Philop. I pray you what story is that, Euiſtor?

Euiſt. I hope, Philopolis, you would not have me to interrupt Philotheus, by reciting of it.

Philoth. By all means let's hear it, Euiſtor. I shall not proceed quietly till you have told it. It will at least give me some respite, who have spoken so much already, and it is likely may save me the labour of proceeding any farther on that subject.

Euiſt. I will not tell it, O Philotheus, but upon condition that you will afterwards proceed as copiously as if I had said nothing.

Philop. I will undertake he shall, Euiſtor.

Euiſt.

Euist. The story then in brief is this. That a certain *Eremite* having conceived great jealousies touching the due administration of Divine Providence in external occurrences in the world, in this anxiety of mind was resolved to leave his cell, and travel abroad, to see with his own eyes how things went abroad in the world. He had not gone half a day's journey, but a young man overtook him and joyn'd company with him, and insinuated himself so far into the *Eremite's* affection, that he thought himself very happy in that he had got so agreeable a companion. Wherefore resolving to take their fortunes together, they always lodged in the same House. Some few days travels had over-past before the *Eremite* took notice of any thing remarkable. But at last he observed that his Fellow-traveller, with whom he had contracted so intimate a friendship, in an house where they were extraordinary well treated stole away a gilt cup from the Gentleman of the house, and carried it away with him. The *Eremite* was very much astonished with what he saw done by so fair and agreeable a person as he conceived him to be, but thought not yet fit to speak to him or seem to take notice of it. And therefore they travel fairly on

together as aforesaid, till night forced them to seek lodging. But they light upon such an house as had a very unhospitable owner, who shut them out into the outward court, and exposed them all night to the injury of the open weather, which chanced then to be very rainy. But the Eremite's fellow-traveller unexpectedly compensated his host's ill entertainment with no meaner a reward than the gilt cup he had carried away from the former place, thrusting it in at the window when they departed. This the Eremite thought was very pretty, and that it was not covetousness, but humour, that made him take it away from its first owner. The next night, where they lodged, they were treated again with a deal of kindness and civility: but the Eremite observed with horror that his fellow-traveller for an ill requital strangled privately a young child of their so courteous host in the cradle. This perplexed the mind of the poor Eremite very much; but in sadness and patience forbearing to speak, he travelled another day's journey with the young man, and at evening took up in a place where they were more made of than any-where hitherto. And because the way they were to travel the next morning was
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not so easie to find, the master of the house commanded one of the servants to go part of the way to direct them; whom, while they were passing over a stone-bridge, the Eremite's fellow-traveller caught suddenly betwixt the legs and pitched him headlong from off the bridge into the river, and drowned him. Here the Eremite could have no longer patience, but flew bitterly upon his fellow-traveller for these barbarous actions, and renounced all friendship with him, and would travel with him no longer nor keep him company. Whereupon the young man smiling at the honest zeal of the Eremite, and putting off his mortal disguise, appeared as he was, in the form and lustre of an angel of God, and told him that he was sent to ease his mind of the great anxiety it was incumbered with touching the *Divine Providence*. In which, said he, nothing can occur more perplexing and paradoxical than what you have been offended at since we two travelled together. But yet I will demonstrate to you, said he, that all that I have done is very just and right. For as for that first man from whom I took the gilded cup, it was a real compensation indeed of his hospitality; that cup being so forcible an occasion of the good man's dis-
temper.

tempering himself, and of hazarding his health and life, which would be a great loss to his poor neighbours, he being of so good and charitable a nature. But I put it into the window of that harsh and unpitiable man that used us so ill, not as a booty to him, but as a plague and scourge to him, and for an ease to his oppressed neighbours, that he may fall into intemperance, diseases, and death itself. For I knew very well that there was that enchantment in this cup, that they that had it would be thus bewitched with it. And as for that civil person whose child I strangled in the cradle, it was in great mercy to him, and no real hurt to the child, who is now with God. But if that Child had lived, whereas this Gentleman hitherto had been piously, charitably and devoutly given, his mind, I saw, would have unavoidably sunk into the love of the world, out of love to his child, he having had none before, and doting so hugely on it; and therefore I took away this momentary life from the body of the child, that the soul of the Father might live for ever. And for this last fact, which you so much abhor, it was the most faithful piece of gratitude I could do to one that had used us so humanly and kindly as that gentleman did. For this
man,

man, who by the appointment of his master was so officious to us as to shew us the way, intended this very night ensuing to let in a company of rogues into his master's house, to rob him of all that he had, if not to murder him and his family. And having said thus, he vanished. But the poor Eremite, transported with joy and amazement, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had thus unexpectedly delivered him from any farther anxiety touching the ways of his Providence; and thus returned with chearfulness to his forsaken cell, and spent the residue of his days there in piety and peace.

Philoth. It is an excellent good story indeed, Euistor, and so much to the purpose, that it is plainly superfluous to add any more words touching this theme.

Philop. But I believe, Philotheus, that neither Euistor nor Hylobares will be so satisfied.

Euist. For my part, I challenge the performance of your promise, O Philopolis, that the condition upon which I told the story may be made good to me, namely, That Philotheus be never the briefer in his satisfaction to Hylobares for my unseasonable interpellation by this parabolical story.

Hyl.

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Hyl. And I am of that childish humour, that I do not relish any drink so well as that out of my own usual sucking-bottle; wherefore I expect farther refreshment, Philotheus, from your more nervous eloquence.

Philop. My credit also, Philotheus, is at the stake, if you do not utter your sentiments upon this subject.

Philoth. But in the mean while, Philopolis, it does me good to observe what fine sense Hylobares speaks in so unmeet a demand, as if *strong meat* were for *babes*.

Hyl. But strong drink may be for them; for some give such to children as soon as they be born.

Philop. Nay, he is even with you there, Philotheus; you had better have fallen directly upon the matter without these delays.

Philoth. Well then, Philopolis, I will do so, because you urge me so much unto it, tho' in my own judgment I think it needless. The difficulty propounded always seemed to me one of the easiest to be solved, tho' the most ordinarily complained of, I mean, *the impunity and prosperity of the wicked, and the affliction and adversity of the good.*

XXV. That the adversity of the good, and the prosperity and impunity of the wicked in this life, are no arguments against the accuracy of Providence.

For

For first, What is alledged concerning *the impunity of the wicked* is not only false, but impossible. For how can the wicked escape *punishment*, when wickedness itself is one of the greatest penalties? or how can they be said to be *prosperous*, who have nothing succeeding according to their own scope and meaning? For every man means well, as Socrates wisely determines; but it is the perpetual unhappiness of the wicked that he does that which is ill. So great is his ignorance and impotency, that he cannot reach the mark he aims at; but wishing the best to himself, as all other men do, yet notwithstanding he really prosecutes that which is worst. And therefore with the wise he can be no object of envy, but of pity. And it is an unmeet thing that any sentence concerning Divine Providence should be carried by the votes of fools. When a drunken man breaks glass-windows, ravishes women, stabs men in the streets, and does many such villainies as these, I appeal to you, Hylobares, what privilege or prosperity is there in this, (tho' he were not to be punished by the magistrate) having done that which indeed he had no true mind to do, but did heartily detest and abhor when he was sober? This is the true state of all wicked men
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whatsoever; let their power be never so high, they act like drunkards or men in a dream, such things as they will be ashamed of so soon as they are sober or awakened.

Sophr. This is the very philosophy of the Apostle, O Philotheus, † *What fruit have ye then of those things whereof ye are now ashamed?*

Philoth. Now as it is evident, Hylobares, that they are punished in the forfeiture of that high happiness that consists in the peace and joy of a purify'd mind, wherein resides the true knowledge of God, and a living sense of the comeliness and pulchritude of grace and virtue; so likewise there is an infliction of internal pain to their very senses. For what torture can there be greater than that rack of pride, those scorpion-strikes of envy, those insatiable scorching flames and torches of furies, untamed lust? what than strangling cares, than the severe sentences of their own prejudging fears? what dungeon more noisome, horrid or dismal, than their suspicious ignorance, and oppressing loads of surprising grief and melancholy?

Again, it is farther manifest that the wicked are plagued even in this life; for they are a mutual plague and scourge one

to another, and take the office of executioners and hangmen by turns. For all the noise of injury and injustice in the world is ordinarily nothing else but a complaint that wicked men abuse one another. Wherefore why should it be expected that Divine Providence should forthwith take vengeance of the executioners of his own justice?

But for those few righteous that are in the world, they are bettered by those things that seem to the idiot and unskilful the only evils that mortals can fall into. But the infelicity of the godly is commonly this, that they will scramble with the men of this world for such things as are the most proper happiness of those that are wicked. For they fighting with them thus as with cocks on their own dunghill, it is no marvel they come by the worst; for this is *their hour and the power of darkness*.

Thirdly, It is manifest that the peace and impunity of the wicked is very serviceable for the exercising of the virtues of the righteous, whereby they may discern their own sincerity or hypocrisie, and discover whether it be the pure love of piety that puts them in such a garb, or the desire of the praise and countenance of men; whether the profession of their faith in God

and of future happiness be formal, or real. For if it be real, what will they not be able to undergo? and what an high cordial must it be unto them, to have an unfeigned sense and belief of that great compensation they are to receive in the world to come? Not to mention what a great satisfaction the consciousness of constant sincerity is to the soul of a man even in this life also. Wherefore the strokes of the confusion and unrighteous disorder in the world do in a manner miss the righteous, and hit heavy only there where they should do, upon the ungodly themselves. But what reaches those that are deemed more just, they are in all reason and modesty to look upon it as either a punishment of some reliques of vices in them, or as an exercise of their virtues, that God may be glorified in them. Wherefore if any thing harsh happen to a good man, he will forthwith examine himself if his heart be clean: which if it be not, he is to look upon it as a chastisement; if it be, he will bear it and embrace it as a trial from God, and as an occasion whereby he may glorifie the power of God in him. But if he do not thus, it is a sign his heart is not clean, and therefore why should he grumble that he is punished?

Fourthly,

Fourthly, That tyranny, murther, perjury, blasphemy and exorbitant lust has been notoriously and exemplarily punished by a kind of Divine vengeance, and above all the expectation of men, even in this life, in several persons, is so noted in history, that I need name no instances. But to pursue every monstrositie of wickedness with present punishment here in this world, were not to make men good, but to hinder the wicked from mischieving and scourging one another, and from exercising the virtues of the righteous.

Fifthly, In that wickedness is not so constantly and adequately punished in this life, there is also this convenience in it, That it is a shrewd argument to any indifferent person that understands the Nature and Attributes of God, that there is a reward to come hereafter in the other life.

To all which I add in the last place, that the affairs of this world are like a curious, but intricately contrived, comedy, and that we cannot judge of the tendency of what is past or acting at present before the entrance of the last act, which shall bring in righteousness in triumph: who tho' she has abided many a brunt, and has been very cruelly and despightfully used hitherto in the world, yet at last, according
to

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to our desires, we shall see the knight overcome the giant. And then I appeal to you, Hylobares, whether all things have not been carried on according to the natural relish of your own faculties. For what is the reason we are so much pleased with the reading *romances* and the fictions of Poets, but that here, as Aristotle says, things are set down as they should be, but in the true history hitherto of the world things are recorded indeed as they are, but it is but a testimony that they have not been as they should be? wherefore in the upshot of all, if we shall see that come to pass that so mightily pleases us in the reading the most ingenuous plays and heroick poems, that long afflicted virtue at last comes to the crown, the mouth of all unbelievers must be for ever stopped. And for my own part, I doubt not but that it will so come to pass in the last close of the world. But impatiently to call for vengeance upon every enormity before that time, is rudely to overturn the stage before the entrance into the fifth act, out of ignorance of the plot of the comedy, and to prevent the solemnity of the general judgment by more petty and particular executions. These are briefly the six heads, Hylobares, which I might have insisted upon to clear Providence

dence from this last allegation, had there been any great difficulty in the matter.

Hyl. What you have already intimated, Philotheus, from these six heads, and Euistor suggested by that handsom parable, has, I must confess, so fully satisfy'd me in this last point, that it makes the difficulty look as if it had been none at all.

Philop. In this last point, *Hylobares*? that's but one point. But I pray you ingenuously declare how much at ease you find yourself touching the other difficulties you propounded.

Hyl. Very much, I'll assure you, Philopolis, touching all of them for the present. But what dark clouds may again over-cast my mind by our next meeting, I cannot divine afore-hand. But you shall be sure to hear of it, if any thing occur that dis-turbles me. In the mean time I am sure I find myself in a very gay and chearful condition.

Philop. We may then very seasonably adjourn this meeting, O Cuphophron, to fix a clock to-morrow in the afternoon.

XXVI. A civil, but merry-conceited, bout of drinking in Cuphophron's arbour.

Cuph. I shall then be again very happy, O Philopolis, in my enjoyment of so excellent company. In the mean time, my

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service to you in this glass of wine; for I think neither you nor any one else has drunk since they came hither, they have been so intent upon the discourse.

Philop. It is utterly needless this summer-time, O Cuphophron.

Cuph. It is very convenient to drink one glass, to correct the crudities of the nocturnal air and vapours. This therefore, is truly to your good health, O Philopolis.

Philop. Well, since it must be so, I thank you kindly, Cuphophron.

Hyl. Nay, Gentlemen, if you fall a-drinking, I may well fall a whistling on my flagellet.

Cuph. What, do you mean to make us all horses, to whistle us while we are a-drinking?

Hyl. Nay, Cuphophron, I whistle that you may drink, and all little enough to make Philotheus, Bathynous and Sophron to take off their glasses.

Bath. I believe Hylobares' whistling may have a more symbolical meaning in it than we are aware of, and intimate to us that eating and drinking are acts common to us with the beasts.

Philop. Be it so, Bathynous, yet these acts are sometimes necessary for men also. Nor is it inconvenient to drink to my next neighbour

neighbour Philotheus, not only to fortify him against the nocturnal vapours, but likewise to recruit his spirits, which he may have over-much expended in his long and learned discourses.

Philoth. The fresh air, Philopolis, moistened with the Moon-shine, as Cuphophron noted, is as effectual to that purpose, if I had been at any such expence.

Philop. But this glass of wine will help to correct the crudity of that moisture: wherefore my service to you, Philotheus.

Philoth. I thank you heartily, Philopolis, I will pledge you.

Philop. It is very good wine.

Philoth. I shall commend it the more willingly to Bathynous, a little to warm and chear his thoughtful melancholy. Bathynous, my service to you.

Bath. Your servant thanks you, Philotheus.

Philoth. I perceive Philopolis has a very judicious taste.

Bath. It is ordinarily the pure effect of temperance to have so. But yet my palate is something more surd and jacent. However I will trie. I promise you it seems to me very good, Philotheus, and such as Cato himself would not refuse a cup of: which makes me with the more assurance

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assurance drink to my next neighbour, even to *Sophron*, to cheer him after his conceived fears and affrights touching the success of this dispute concerning *Providence*.

Sophr. The good success, *Bathynous*, cheers me more than all the wine in *Athens* can do. And therefore not so much to be cheered, as out of my present cheerfulness, I will readily pledge you one cup. For sobriety is not in drinking no wine at all, but in drinking it moderately.

Bath. Well, my service to you then, *Sophron*.

Sophr. I thank you, *Bathynous*.

Euist. But certainly, if my memory fail me not, *Cato*, as grave as he was, would drink more cups of wine than one at a time.

Sophr. Nor do I think that moderate drinking consists in one cup, but in drinking no more than is for the health of both soul and body. And one glass will serve me for that end at this time.

Euist. Your definition is very safe and useful, I think, O *Sophron*.

Sophr. And therefore, my singular respects to you, *Euistor*, in this single glass of wine.

Cuph. See the virtue of good *Canarie*, the mere steam of those volatile atoms has
so

so raised Sophron's fancy, that it has made him seem for to offer to quibble before the glass has touched his lips.

Sophr. It is marvellous good wine indeed. I warrant you, Euistor, this will rub up your memory to the purpose, if the recalling how many cups grave Cato would take off at a time, may warrant our drinking at any time more than is needful or convenient. I pray you taste it.

Euist. I thank you, Sophron, I should willingly pledge you, tho' it were in worse liquor. They have all of them had each man his glass but Hylobares, but have excogitated such pretty pretences to accost them they drank to, that I find I need to have my *wit* rubb'd up as well as my *memory*, to hold on this ingenious humour.

Cuph. Do not you observe, Euistor, how studiously Hylobares has play'd the piper all this time? Take your cue from thence.

Euist. Hylobares, not to interrupt you, my humble service to you in a glass of canarie, to wet your whistle.

Hyl. I thank you kindly, Euistor; but I profess I was scarce aware what I did, or whether I whistled or no.

XXVII. The marvellous conjuncture in Hylobares of an outward levity and inward soberness at once.

Philop. Methinks those airs and that instrument

strument, Hylobares, seem too light for the serious discourse we have had so many hours together.

Hyl. But I'll assure you, Philopolis, my thoughts were never more serious than while I was piping these easy airs on my flagellet. For they are so familiar to me, that I had no need to attend them, and my mind indeed was wholly taken up with objects suitable to our late theme. And even then when I was playing these light tunes, was I recovering into my memory, as well as I could, some part of a philosophick song that once I had by rote, (both words and tune and all) which has no small affinity with the matters of this day's discourse.

Philop. It is much, Hylobares, you should be able to attend to such contrary things, so light and so serious, at one and the same time.

Hyl. That's no more, Philopolis, than Euistor did in his story of the Angel and the Erèmite. For I look upon the twisting of a man's mustachio's to be as slight and trivial a thing as the playing on the flagellet. And yet I believe he was at it at least twenty times with his fore-finger and his thumb in his rehearsing that excellent parable, tho' his mind, I saw, was so taken
up

up with the weightiness of the sense, that his aspect seemed as devout as that of the Eremit, who was the chief subject of the story.

Euist. I pray you, Hylobares, take this glass of wine for a reward of your abusing your friend so handsomely to excuse yourself, and see if it be so good for the rubbing up the memory as Sophron avouches it. For then I hope we shall hear you sing as attentively as you have regardlessly whistled all this time.

Hyl. The wine is very good, Euistor, if it be as good for the memory. But I believe I had already recalled more of those verses to mind than what is convenient to repeat at this time.

Philop. I prithee, Hylobares repeat but them you have recalled to memory; it will be both a farther ratification of this unthought-of experiment, and a suitable close of the whole day's discourse.

Hyl. Your desire is to me a command, Philopolis; and therefore for your sake I will hazard the credit of my voice and memory at once.

XXVIII. *His serious Song of divine Providence.*

Where's now the object of thy fears,
Needless sighs and fruitless tears?
They be all gone like idle dream
Suggested from the body's steam.
O cave of horror black as pitch!

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Dark den of Spectres that bewitch
The weakned fancy fore affright
With the grim shades of grisly night!
What's plague and prison, loss of friends,
War, dearth, and death that all things ends?
Mere bugbears for the childish mind,
Pure pannick terrors of the blind.

Collect thy soul into one spear
Of light, and 'bove the earth it bear.
Those wild scattered thoughts, that erst
Lay loosely in the world disperst,
Call in; thy spirit thus knit in one
Fair lucid orb, those fears be gone,
Like vain impostures of the night,
That fly before the morning bright.
Then with pure eyes thou shalt behold
How the First Goodness doth unfold
All things in loving tender arms;
That deemed mischiefs are no harms,
But sovereign salves, and skilful cures
Of greater woes the world endures;
That man's stout soul may win a state
Far rais'd above the reach of fate.

Power, Wisdom, Goodness sure did frame
This universe, and still guide the same.
But thoughts from passions sprung deceive
Vain mortals. No man can contrive
A better course than what's been run
Since the first circuit of the sun.

He that beholds all from an high
Knows better what to do than I.
I'm not mine own: should I repine
If he dispose of what's not mine?
Purge but thy soul of blind self-will,
Thou straight shalt see God does no ill.
The world he fills with the bright rays
Of his free goodness. He displays
Himself throughout: like common air
That spirit of life through all doth fare,
Suck'd in by them as vital breath
Who willingly embrace not death.
But those that with that living law
Be unacquainted, cares do gnaw;
Mistrust of Providence do vex
Their souls and puzzled minds perplex.

These rhythms were in my mind, Philopolis, when the flagellet was at my mouth.

Philop. They have an excellent sense in them, and very pertinent to this day's disquisitions. I pray you whose lines are they, Hylobares?

Hyl. They are the lines of a certain philosophical poet, who writes almost as hobblingly as Lucretius himself; but I have met with strains here and there in him that have infinitely pleased me; and these, in some humours, amongst the rest. But I was never so sensible of the weightiness of their meaning as since this day's discourse with Philotheus.

Philop. Well, Hylobares, if you ruminate on no worse things than these while you play on your flagellet, it will be an unpardonable fault in me ever hereafter to disparage your musick.

XXIX. The breaking up of the meeting.

Euist. I think we must hire Hylobares to pipe us to our lodgings, else we shall not find the way out of Cuphophron's bowre this night, as bright as it is.

Hyl. That I could do willingly, Euistor, without hire, it is so pleasing a divertisement to me to play on my pipe in the silent moon-light.

Philop. Well, we must abruptly take
C c leave

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leave of you, Cuphophron, and bid you good-night : Hylobares has got out of the harbour already, and we must all dance after his pipe.

Cuph. That would be a juvenile act for your age, Philopolis.

Philop. I mean, we must follow his example, and betake ourselves homewards ; for it is now very late. Was it a delusion of my sight ? or did there a star shoot obliquely as I put my head out of the harbour ?

Bath. If the dog-star had been in view, one would have thought him in danger from Hylobares' charming whistle.

Euist. No hags of Thessaly could ever whistle the celestial dog out of the sky, Bathynous.

Cuph. How sublimely witty is Euistor with one single glass ?

Euist. Good night to you, dear Cuphophron.

Cuph. Nay, I will wait on you to your lodgings.

Philop. By no means, Cuphophron ; we will leave you here in your own house ; unless you will give us the trouble of coming back again with you.

Cuph. Good night to you then, Gentlemen, all at once.

Philop. Good night to Cuphophron.

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